

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1846.

MONT SAINT MICHEL.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS is, doubtless, the most superior *print* that has been supplied to the book; yet what can we say about it as a scene? We can attest, even by the eye, that it is both striking and singular—even unique. The site upon which this castle stands is still more extraordinary than the structure itself. Impregnable by natural position, we may suppose it ranks next to Gibraltar in this respect.

All we know by authority, is, that "St. Michel's Mount is a hill in the English channel in Mount's bay, near the coast of Cornwall; that it is surrounded by the sea at spring tides; that it has an extension pier or mole, where a great number of ships may clear and refit; and that it is called by the Cornish men, '*Karah luz en Lewz*,' that is, '*the gray or hoary rock in the wood*.'" There is not a word said about the castle; this, indeed, is able to speak for itself. The scene we may suppose extends widely seaward.

It is asserted that every description of scenery imparts a similitude of character to its habitants! How then shall we read these people? The Cornish men have not waited until this time of day, to have a character ascribed to them. From the date of the earliest settlement of the country, they have been known as a fearless, adventurous, and toilsome people. Having but a sterile soil, and delighting in their maritime position, their coasting expeditions have rendered them so skillful in the element, that they have come to be looked upon almost as an amphibious race.

This building is beautiful in architecture; the Gothic suiting better than any other order to castelline erections. Concerning the age of this fabric, our print gives no specific date, nor affords any data, whereby we might "guess" concerning it, as does the Yankee, by computation. Its good state of preservation, with the fresh appearance and business-like look of all around it, would suggest a somewhat recent date; whilst its style, and particularly its consistency of style, contradicts this idea. It is at once too isolated, and too extensive for any thing but a feudal structure. This is, perhaps, our

best "guess," and for this we should carry it back to the time of the feudal ages. We cannot, therefore, mistake over a few centuries, more or less. *N'importe!* Who built it? Who lived there? Who paid for it? In those days it sometimes happened that there was more state than treasure, more service than ability, to be calculated upon.

As for the surrounding buildings, we may suppose them to have risen up in some succeeding age, by an impulse of traffic, on the very site which was originally the lordly demesne of the castle alone. And just as these two varieties of buildings compare with each other, just so do the character and purposes of their owners compare. The first is of state, and grandeur, and pretension; of selfish despotism, and of selfish defense; without any wider scope, or purpose, or permission, or intention. The latter are more lowly, more general, of a more errant and enterprising character; of more liberal intercourse of life, and of more individual ability; with the motto, "Live and let live," marking the true distinction between the "many" and the "one."

How entirely singular is the topography of this spot! Who has ever before seen so high, abrupt, and distinct a mound, seated on the dead level of the sea beach? The margin of our picture might perhaps make revelations! But it *does not*; therefore are we necessarily in terra incognita, the land of the supposable.

Nor will we suppose any gentle reader so hypercritical, as to suggest that a geologist and a geographer would soon let us know our latitude and our region, and set us right. *Truth* is a good thing—the best good thing under the sun. But if we insist upon verities in trifles, allow no play of fancy, no scope of speculation, no free banter; in short, if every thing must be by plumb and line, a boundary question of fifty-four and forty, and nothing else, we shall soon find that we have come to a stop still of all free intercourse, if not to an actual war!

Those equestrians—are they port officers? or are they of her national cavalry, the guardians of order at home, and of aggression abroad? Either way, they make a handsome and significant item in the draught.

THE DIGNITY OF PROGRESS.*

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

YOUR aim is improvement; and when you resolve this, I imagine that the improvement of the young will be found to be the precise business of your association. The habits of the middle-aged, and aged, have become fixed, and it is very doubtful whether you can essentially improve them. If they are indolent now, they will continue indolent. If their minds are undisciplined and unfurnished now, they will refuse to be disciplined and furnished. If they are vicious now, God's grace may reach and save them, as by fire; but it is very doubtful whether this or any other association can do much to better them. The Ethiopian's skin and the leopard's spots have become fixed facts, which you may not change easily. But the young have their characters yet to fashion. Their habits, for good or evil, are not fully formed. Influence exerted here, may assist in molding character, and in developing permanent habits. That character, according to its fashioning, may become a plague centre, or a spring of sweet waters.

We live in a world of aristocratic tendencies. By this, nothing invidious is advanced. The tendencies of society are to accumulate wealth and influence in the hands of a few, and these do not a little to give society its fashions, and its dogmas. A brilliant temperance lecturer once startled his audience with the proposition, which he intended to demonstrate, that the drinking of intoxicating liquors in a large city was mainly attributable to a small circle of wealthy families. The principle, from which he reasoned to a great extreme, is a plain one. Wealth, talent, every kind of aristocracy, excites admiration among the masses, and admiration begets imitation, real or aped. Accordingly, the aristocracy of dressed existences in New York Broadway, parade the "unloveliness of love-locks" streaming adown their backs in studied negligence, and bury in the profound obscurity of hair and whiskers, faces made to see the light of day; and, forthwith, a multitude all over the land ape the custom. Byronic bare necks, and the "eye in fine frenzy rolling," are too trite to need more than an allusion. Your rich man daintily takes his Burgundy, Port, or Champagne, and the imitators, in case of need, make merry over Albany ale, or the juleps of some low "breathing-hole of the pit," or decided luxury, the "topee heel-tap wine," so abundantly manufactured in our large cities. The same propensity, in some degree, is observable in all good enterprises. The few set the fashion, the many imitate, or ape.

Nor is this spoken cynically, but merely to get at a fact, which in such a country as ours, is likely to

be baneful to the masses. We acquire fortunes rapidly in this country; and though the rich man of the first generation may have too fresh a recollection of his awl, or jack-plane, or anvil, or the small beginnings of a tradesman's life, to utter a sneer at those compelled still to use these implements, yet the rich man of the second generation has forgotten, may-be, that his father was a shoemaker, or carpenter, or blacksmith, or a penniless trader, and in heart and action makes a mock of honest labor, looking upon it as a great calamity and a despicable condition. This is common in some parts of our land; perhaps your town is an exception. That such a feeling is foolish and unsafe is evident. Ask the lordly young man coming from yonder mansion, where his father reached such wealth. Perhaps he never heard that his father once dealt in a small way in spruce beer, candies, and other nicknacks, on the river bank. You stop before another princely mansion, and it is quite doubtful whether that fair girl ever heard that her father was once an errand boy. Go to another town and admire those splendid grounds, and the palace so magnificently furnished. There is a bare possibility that the second generation may be able to tell you that the father commenced his upward course by swinging a vigorous axe at a rich man's wood pile. Among us, the wheel turns rapidly. The wood chopper may become a millionaire, and the millionaire's children, and at farthest his grandchildren, may earn daily subsistence by the sweat of their brow. The ragged salt-boiler boy, or printer boy, may become the favorite of a nation, haranguing senates, and standing in the presence of kings, whilst the senator's sons may be lost in the masses, as lightly esteemed as though a coal heaver were their father. The lowest may soon become the highest, and the highest, lowest, and the origin of high men, and their sneers when fortune smiles, will never be forgotten, should the wheel bring them to the bottom. Scorpion stings cannot be so envenomed as the sneers of a rich man repeated to him when poor.

And yet, despite this fact, there is a tendency in society leading men to despise honest labor as a hard condition, and a mean fate, from which all would escape, if possible. For this reason, gentlemen, I have selected, *the dignity of progress*, as my theme.

It will be perceived that this theme is not confined to a particular class. It embraces all. Allusion has already been made to some men high in society; and this was not done invidiously, but simply to accord honor to that which really deserves it. For instance, this anecdote was related to me, not long since, concerning one of the most splendid business men in the state. Many years ago, a Yankee, in accordance with the customs of his fatherland, had drawn up to his door a great pile of wood, which, in due time, must be cut up and stowed away in the wood-house for the next winter's consump-

* An address delivered to the Mechanics' Association of Delaware, Ohio.

tion. One afternoon, when the sun was about two hours high, a robust young fellow, with a small bundle and an axe, inquired at the door of the farmer for work. "Yes," said the farmer, "I have this wood pile to cut up, and *to-morrow morning* you can go at it." The young man had been walking all day, and it was now near night; but mark his reply, for it contains the talisman of his prosperity, "But why can I not begin *now*?" In a moment his coat was thrown aside, and his axe rung merrily in a large log. That short answer comprised his character as a business man—energy, promptness, perseverance. He died worth five hundred thousand dollars. The man who could utter such an answer heartily, could not be kept down, unless by the buffetings of Providence. Now the sentiment I would enforce is this: that man never, in all his life, did a nobler or more notable thing than that prompt act at the wood pile. To be capable of making such a reply, and make action correspond, was a higher honor, and more deserving of admiration, than to be worth five hundred thousand dollars. Progress was the law of his life, and the law he obeyed like an anchorite. The upward and steady progress of that young man from poverty to wealth, by his own indomitable skill and energy, creating his own means, conferred on him patents of nobility and dignity, which no King Mammon, or King Fashion, or King Power could confer. In his own right he was a nobleman; and that right consisted not in his dollars, which were a mere result, but in his own progressive spirit, which grew strong under the pressure of difficulty, and rose to eminence in the teeth of opposition.

And this leads me to notice at some length the influence of such a spirit. I shall not confine myself to any occupation in illustrating this point. The principle is the same in all. It is applicable to that Marietta printer boy battling his way to the high places of a party; or to that rugged salt boiler, who displays the same energy at the Kanawha salt furnaces as when swinging a senatorial sledge hammer; or to that strong-hearted wood chopper, pressing his way to fortune; or to that indomitable blacksmith, who rung the notes of industry on his anvil, and conquered, meanwhile, fifty languages; or to that other young blacksmith, who kindled a fire so hot about intemperance that Deacon Giles' demons might fairly envy its fierceness. In fact, this fire which blacksmith Beecher set to crackling and roaring, is too hot even for fire-cased demons, and they doubtless wish heartily that it was extinguished.

Now look at the effect of this enthusiastic devotion upon a mind controlled by it, no matter on what pursuit it may have entered. Such a mind has not the word laziness in its vocabulary. Neither by word nor by action does such a one utter that contemptible index to imbecility, "I don't care." He cannot but care for every thing affecting his

darling pursuit. Every energy is strained to its utmost. Hope, that bright morning star of the soul, beckons him onward. The effect of such a devotion is to be traced among the urchins on the playground—among the eager aspirants for the honors of a college—among philosophers agonizing for the immortality of new discoveries—among all who are reaching after eminence.

Take the life of Kepler as an illustration. Papal bigotry and royal parsimony offered no successful resistance to his progressive spirit. His enthusiasm had been kindled by gazing upon the heavens with Tycho Brahe, and to this single science he consecrated his life—to unravel the mysteries of the heavens, and demonstrate the wisdom of the great Architect. Before him lay a vast and chaotic mass of astronomical observations made by Tycho. From that chaos Kepler sought to evolve laws so general and so perfect as to account for every phenomenon. For nineteen years he addressed himself to the task. Speculation after speculation failed. The labors of years resulted in disappointment. The enthusiastic devotee seemed to gather new strength from successive defeats, to grapple with some new and more difficult theory—in its turn to disappoint its author. Every trial made him a nobler man, and the conflict with obstacles exalted him higher among the world's chosen great. The devotion of such a mind must triumph; and at the end of nineteen years he deduced and demonstrated three astronomical laws, which have secured to him the magnificent title, "Legislator of the Skies."

Tycho, for years, patiently making and recording observations, Kepler vanquishing obstacles, Newton demonstrating immortal truth, Galileo, at the age of seventy, compelled by "infallible" ignorance, "upon his bended knees, his right hand resting on the holy evangelists, to detest, and curse, and abjure" the splendid truths his mind had grasped; these, and a thousand like them, prove the result of an enthusiastic devotion to one pursuit in invigorating to the utmost the individuals so possessed. We look with admiration at these giants; and yet, as Newton himself intimates, the secret of their greatness is to be sought in their devotion to a single great idea.

The same may be illustrated by the agencies of evil. For example, look at the blasphemy and irreligion rolled over France by a few men, of whom Voltaire was chief. His mission was one of death, and in it he labored zealously as possible, to realize the utter extermination of Christ's Gospel. The work was diabolical, but the worker became a giant. The greatness of this man's mission will never be known, until the Judge of all reveal the woes of a nation severed from God, its religion flung to the winds, its purity sacrificed, its bosom reeking with blood, and its entire self most loathsome in its own horrid leprosy.

The history of Elihu Burritt is in point. He has

not yet reached middle life. He has worked at the anvil day by day, and at such moments as a determined will could rescue, he has conquered language after language. That creaking bellows, that hot fire, that ringing anvil, that sturdy arm, lend an emphasis to the triumph. Other men slept, and ate, and worked, and died. But the blacksmith concentrated his will on one point. It was his stand point. From that he resolved and acted. What availed opposition? It only blew a heated blast into the fire of his enkindled mind, heating to white heat the iron realities of life, and then with the heavy hammer of a resolute soul he forged from the glowing mass his present enviable fame.

Another American name is enrolled among the distinguished of the earth. He has made some of the most wonderful experiments of modern times. Not long since I took up a French treatise on philosophy, in which this man's name is mentioned with the highest encomiums. Last summer I stood in his laboratory. He repeated experiment after experiment, on light, heat, galvanism, and the like. He showed me a little instrument, by which he could detect and measure heat reflected from a white house one mile distant. Here he exhibited another, which told him almost articulately of flashes of lightning, not discernible to the eye, several miles distant. From one thing he went to another, till he became intensely excited. Sometimes he pursues his investigations regardless of food or rest. His whole being glows under the excitement of this single pursuit. But who is he? Honor to whom honor. He is a mechanic. He was not educated in college. He can read French with facility. By the energy of his own great will he has strangled the opposition of poverty and business, and has raised himself to his present position. He is Professor Henry, of New Jersey College, formerly a goldsmith in Albany, and called to the chair of natural sciences in this institution, entirely on the ground of his self-attained merit. Burritt and Henry are both too great in their elevation to despise the mechanic. The first still stands by his anvil; the second employs his ingenuity in making his nice instruments for experimenting.

But in addition, let us see another result of this progressive spirit. And here again the world is before us, and no matter whence we take the illustrations, the leading thought is the same. Such a course always secures the respect and admiration of men. If you please, see yonder enthusiastic Jesuit traversing the streets of a heathen city, imploring the wretched to take the mercy proffered by his Church. He gathers around him the young, and seeks to mold their hearts. The plague-stricken never cry to him in vain. He never scorns the beggar. He plunges into the midst of the battle, and holding high his idol crucifix, passionately implores the God of battles to bestow victory. Amid the wild out-

bursts of popular frenzy, he is unmoved. The earth trembles beneath him, the elements mingle in fierce conflict around him, the volcano rolls its liquid fire before him, but he is calm. He crosses seas in a frail boat. He visits cities and navies smitten with the plague. No labor is too arduous, no self-denial too oppressive, no danger too great for him to encounter. With a cheerful heart and zeal he presses forward to the accomplishment of a single object, the supremacy of Rome, through the agency of the new-born society. One idea reigned in his mind, and one purpose animated his heart. Now I suppose that we all disapprove utterly of the doctrines and the practices of the Jesuits, of whom the East Indian saint was one, and yet we accord to him respect involuntarily. Such a purpose as drove Francis Xavier to the accomplishment of great things, challenges the respect and admiration of all. But his was a misdirected purpose, resulting in no permanent good to the race. Had he not forgotten Jesus Christ and Paul, instead of remembering only the Pope and Loyola, the love of all generations would have embalmed this man's name, and his canonization would have been sanctioned by saved and loving hearts, instead of a heartless form at Rome.

Now take the resolute zeal of Burritt and Henry, see them grappling with opposition, bending every energy to a single favorite pursuit, and, as in the case of Xavier, you find yourself paying an involuntary tribute of respect. You cannot but pay this tribute to the greatness of an energetic will bent on the attainment of some worthy end. In other words, the resolute determination of these men, to make progress in spite of difficulty, and to secure eminence in spite of opposition, is esteemed by all both dignified and noble, and worthy of imitation.

Such is the feeling of mankind. But it may be objected that although this is a true law among extraordinary minds, it is not true among ordinary minds. Hear analogy. An atom conforms to the laws of gravitation as really as a planet. A blade of grass feels the influence of light and heat, just as certainly as the oak of centuries. The rippling streamlet conforms to fixed laws as absolutely as the "Father of Waters." A humble apprentice is subject to the same influences and laws that control the great of the world—the Keplers, the Beechers, and the Henrys.

Thus far I have spoken in general terms. An important modification is here to be made. Progress, to be dignified, must have a worthy aim. I can show you a man in this very state who has been haunted with the idea of finding gold and silver mines. For years his soul was absorbed in this idea. If he conversed with a countryman about his land, it was merely to seek some evidence of the presence of treasure. If he questioned some intelligent traveler about this and that distant mountain, each ques-

tion converged on the same golden point. Sometimes, and indeed not unfrequently, he would leave his family for weeks, and climb over mountains, with a gun on his shoulder, and a half-starved horse to carry his mattock and shovel. He was given to tedious night examinations of particular spots. All his operations were conducted with commendable secrecy, and with the sternest resolution. He has never yet found the "hid treasure." He is still a poor man, and wife, children, dogs, and horses, betoken the misdirected energy and poor pay of a visionary gold seeker. Kepler was no more in earnest than this man. Thomas Ewing labored no harder than this man. John Brough had no more resolute will than this man. Lyman Beecher manifested no more enthusiasm than this man. What is the difference then? Simply this: these men exerted their powers in pursuit of worthy objects, our gold seeker in pursuit of an unworthy object.

Suppose you should see a brawny laborer carrying soil by the shovelfull to the top of some rocky mountain, and that he worked diligently as the ant, would you praise him? You would esteem him a fool, and tell him of the broad and fertile acres at the west, which are crying for the care of the laborer. Suppose you should see a blacksmith striving to convert some waste pieces of cast-iron into horse-shoes; or a shoemaker, with untiring diligence stitching together small scraps of waste leather, to make boots and shoes; or the worker in wood, with the enthusiasm of our gold seeker, gluing together the mahogany sawdust to prevent waste. You could not restrain your laughter in such cases; and the more earnestly the men worked, and the more resolute their determination, the more certain would you be that they were fools or madmen. Why? Because their aims are visionary and unworthy.

Nor is history silent here. St. Simeon Stylites thought to merit heaven by the mortification and torture of himself. His mode was ingenious, and his will most resolute. He had an iron collar riveted about his neck, and to this was attached a chain fastened to a stake. His daily toil was to pile up stones in the form of a pillar. Day by day the column rose higher and higher. Every night the wretched creature slept on its top. The superstitious villagers furnished him his food; and there on that column's top he lived for years. Tennyson has not erred widely in making this "Christian Fakir" thus describe his own feelings:

"But yet,

Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints
Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth
House in the shade of comfortable roofs,
Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,
And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,
I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the saints;

Or in the night, after a little sleep,
I wake; the chill stars sparkle; I am wet
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost.
I wear an undress'd goat-skin on my back;
A gnawing iron collar grinds my neck;
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,
And strive and wrestle with thee till I die:
O mercy, mercy! wash away my sin."

You feel a pity for such a misdirected devotion as this, because in a world of active charities—of wretchedness enough to task the benevolence of "twelve legions of angels," this poor wretch withdrew himself from the active benevolence of the good, and wasted life in doing what the world will never thank him for. It was a pitiable zeal which led him thus to exist, instead of living—to be a suffering automaton, instead of a Christ-like man "going about doing good." And may the world never again see the wasteful repetition!

This has a wide applicability. I am addressing mechanics, and there is a peculiar propriety in applying the thought to them. But let me not be misunderstood as saying that other classes are exempt. All fall under the same condemnation. Thousands labor as aimlessly or unworthily as St. Simeon Stylites. They chain themselves to an eternal round of mere stone gathering and pillar building, and like him *exist* on the pillar they are building, instead of *living* in the world of souls. Is this harsh? If so, I crave pardon. Let me apply it to those who are mechanics, leaving it to the other classes to make the application for themselves. Take this boy who has just begun his apprenticeship. He wishes to acquire the skill to make a good shoe, wagon, or panel-door. Now search that boy's mind and ascertain his aims. Is there any reaching after something better? Sometimes, and indeed oftentimes you will find that that long apprenticeship is to accomplish no more than to reduce the boy into a human machine, to manufacture articles of mechanism, as any steam-driven machine does. There is no fixed and noble purpose in his heart to become a good mechanic, in order that he may become a good citizen, a promoter of all good things in a bad world. What is existence of such sort worth? The horse and the cow live as nobly. They breathe, and eat, and work, and die, and what more does a human animal, who aims not to live for some worthy end? Not a whit. Take another mechanic. Bad habit is winding about him its toils. He lives; but for what? To get money to squander on lust, or dress, or carousing. As for the first aim, he is lower than most reasonless animals; as for the second, the peacock exists nobly as he; as for drunken carousing, he sinks beneath all animals; for these last "sleep o' nights," except beasts of prey, and even these keep sober in all their midnight prowlings. Why mince matters, when dealing with facts, and our aim is improvement? Here is the naked reality as it may be seen all over the world; and were it not

stepping aside from a proper course, other automatic existences, of both sexes, should feel the same lash, for all classes are disgraced with just such. I do not mean to say that this animal existence for passion's sake is confined to mechanics. By no means. The like is observable everywhere. Dr. Young has written four lines, which every young man—I will not restrict it—every person in the world ought to memorize, to goad him to right action.

"We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live.
Time wasted is existence; used, is life:
And bare existence, man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight."

But to guard against misapprehension, suffer a remark. We have been speaking of the dignity of progress. Some may infer that in order to make progress, every mechanic, or merchant, or laborer, must aspire to leave his business and step into some higher sphere. This is not the idea of progress. Undoubtedly it is a fact, that some choice spirit may be swinging the sledge hammer, or pushing the plane, or handling the awl, and for such a one to be confined to that occupation, although an honorable one, would be a decided loss to the world. Such was the case with Roger Sherman, and Professor Henry. But "diamonds are not buried in every toad's head," nor are pearls forthcoming from every oyster. Diamonds and pearls are too precious to be common. As for such diamonds as Beecher, and Sherman, and Henry, it were better far for royalty and beauty to fling their sparkling coronets and jewelry into the fire to be consumed, until the world had not one left, than to chain such minds even to the noble position of a high-minded mechanic. The world would not be much poorer were its diamonds burned, but it would suffer an infinite loss, should it fail to summon its great spirits to spheres of highest usefulness, to govern, to counsel, or to save men.

But the majority of those who move in particular circles are fitted peculiarly to fill certain posts in society, and it would be an injury for them to change. Many a man will fashion a neat and strong boot, but would be a bootless botcher in fashioning the understandings of men. Many a man can weld iron together strongly, and forge out what he lists, who would be a sorry welder of legal arguments, and would forge out wretched briefs. There is many a man who would mend your wagon neatly, and if needs be make a new one for you, and yet he would be a horrid bungler in mending broken limbs, or healing diseased men. Many a man might cultivate the earth with great skill, who might prove himself to be a sad agriculturist as a minister in Christ's vineyard. In fact we know that many occupations are thus greatly defrauded. Strong bones and muscles, and a mind fitted for a particular pursuit, are too often taken from where they are

needed, and placed among pill boxes, or law books, or in the pulpit, for which they have no adaptation. The wrong is reciprocal. Many a man is thrust into a profession for which he has no adaptation, and many a man may be confined to a pursuit for which nature never intended him. In each case a grievous wrong is done, because our world is such, that when each one acts well the part for which he is best fitted, it has ample work for all. And when such misapplications take place, a vast amount is left undone, and the world at large is the sufferer.

In this respect, the principle is beautiful, and the great Teacher himself has illustrated it. The servant with five talents, and the servant with two, each having doubled the money committed to him, received the same reward: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The slothful servant was plunged into outer darkness, not because he had only one talent, but because he did not improve that one. The apostle Paul strikingly sets forth the same thing in the offices performed by the different members of the body. In fact, the faithful mechanic, the faithful farmer, the faithful professional man, all who fulfill their own duty, are on a more complete level than most imagine. He who does his duty fully, beside his anvil or work-bench, may stand by the side of Paul or Wilberforce, and receive the same greeting from the Savior. And many a faithful mechanic will stand far higher in the grades of heaven, than some men of genius, whose eloquence has led men captive, and whose deeds have been heralded to the world.

"He who does all he can, does well,
Acts nobly: angels can no more."

This leads me to advance one step farther. Progress in goodness, whenever or by whomsoever made, is especially noble. This is the object of living. For the attainment of this end among his creatures, Jehovah has fashioned and furnished worlds; for this he created the bright, shining sun of Revelation; for this he sent such ambassadors as Abraham, Moses, David, and Isaiah; and last of all he sent his Son, saying, they will reverence my Son. The history of all nations and all men; the judgments and the mercies of God; the rise and ruin of kingdoms; the song of the morning stars when the world was born, and the glorious repetition of that song when Christ was born; the bursting of civil and religious chains; the drowning of Pharaoh, and the decapitation of some kings since then; the growth of science; the discovery of a world; yea, all the lights of history, human and divine, are gathered by this lens in one splendid focus, the making man better—making him what he would have been had not sin marred the Creator's handiwork. For no other purpose could our Maker have tolerated the frightful scenes enacted in this our world. But for this

purpose, earth had long since been swept of her inhabitants.

To you, gentlemen, this thought is commended as worthy your serious attention. Take just views of life, and act accordingly. I have sometimes at night looked over your town, and have seen the sparks fly up from the blacksmith's fire. For a single moment they glowed brightly in the darkness, and then expired. They were existences of a moment. But what is he, that rugged smith with his strong right arm, and his resolute will? The spark which flies up from his own fire, is a fit emblem of his continuance on earth. The meteor flashes not more suddenly across the sky, than shall that strong man pass away. I have stood by the determined plane-pusher, and have seen the shavings, like beautiful ribbons, thrown down as useless things. Saturday night comes, and dust and shavings are cast out to be consumed or trodden under foot. But what is he, the strong man that drives that plane? How long shall he remain, himself so noble a piece of mechanism? A few days more shall pass, the Saturday night of life shall come shortly; and then that body, a poor tenement, shall be put out of sight, deep in the grave, and neither mother, wife, nor child, will venture a word of remonstrance. I have seen the sinewy mechanic carving out his own fortune, amassing wealth, reaping honor, entrancing senates, and my mind has become sad to think how soon that wealth will belong to others, and that honor be forgotten, and those entranced senates, with him who cast the spell, be dead. The places that now know them shall soon know them no more for ever.

This is full of wisdom to him that is wise, but it may seem babbling to others. Gentlemen, I honor every laboring man, be he John Bunyan, the tinker, or Thomas Corwin, "the wagon boy," or John Brough, the printer. I honor the man who can commence his fortune at a rich man's wood pile when the sun is two hours high; or the one who becomes so bent on rising to eminence, that he can wield an axe sturdily, and tend the roaring salt furnace, and in the presence of such raking batteries as poverty and business, can reap his appropriate reward. I honor, and every one honors, blacksmith Beecher, goldsmith Henry, shoemaker Sherman, printer Franklin, and every mechanic great man. I contemplate the progress of a resolute man with intense satisfaction. A steamer crossing the ocean in the teeth of wind and tide, driven by its huge engine over mountain waves, and against adverse storms, is not half so magnificent a spectacle as that of a man without means creating means, without wealth creating wealth, without a name creating a great name.

But to stop here were cruel indeed. This splendid destiny awaits not the mass. Yet no less do I honor the man, be his rank in society what it may, who

does all he can—who is not living as the horse or ox, to breathe, and eat, and work, and die—who is not educating himself into a mere machine—who is not, with the infatuated gold-seeker, grasping after splendid bubbles—who does not imitate the wretched St. Simeon Stylites, chaining himself to a mere stone gathering and pillar building, squandering life in a mean asceticism, cutting the sinews of active benevolence in a world that needs all it can get and much more, and dying unregretted by a world none the better for his having existed in it. Every man shall receive honor, who is too noble to toil for money which he may consume on his lusts, or to trick himself out as a mere dressed existence, or to inflame passion to very madness by debauchery and carousing; who abhors in his deepest soul the degradation of being a mere breathing machine, a passion-inspired automaton. His is a higher end. Society has claims on him, which he from pity fulfills like a man. His own mind has a God-endorsed claim on him for cultivation, and he eagerly seizes the moments of invaluable time to discipline and develop his mind and heart. In a word, every blow he strikes, every stitch he takes, every thought he originates, every moment he spends, all go to round him into that most splendid creation, *a man*; and such a one shall have honor of me, albeit he wear a coarse garb, and cannot conceal hands hard as horn. But if in addition to all these, he looks upon life as a dream, yet crowded to its utmost tension with living and eternal realities—if he lifts his eyes to God's throne and worships—if he looks on Christ's cross and loves—if he casts an eager glance over a world of perishing immortals and acts, his is an honor higher than man can render. Him the ever-blessed Trinity claims as an honored child, and coheir with the Son of God to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away.

Gentlemen, the race is before you: the prize awaits your efforts: the good of all worlds urge you forward. Live to do good. Consecrate yourselves to all the sweet charities of life. Reach upward. Look upward. Press upward. *Progress in all goodness*, be the noble and dignified aim of your existence, and you need not be anxious as to the result. Jehovah and the whole universe—with some miserable exceptions—will laud your course as noble, and accord to you a commensurate reward.

PRAISE TO MESSIAH.

ALL hail the Lamb for sinners slain,
Ransomed our hearts we raise;
While from our lips in loudest strain
Burst songs of cheerful praise.
Extol his name, below, above,
Let pole respond to pole,
And anthems to redeeming love
Around creation roll.

CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

BY REV. J. R. WILSON, D. D.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This maxim of heavenly wisdom is verified, as really in the primary school education, as in the academical and nursery training. If the teacher is a man of God, the books read by the classes of a Christian complexion, and the pupils moral, parents may plead in faith the promise, that their children nurtured in such schools of Christianity, will not, when old, depart from the way of holiness. But if the preceptor is an irreligious man, the class-books have nothing of Christ in them, and the pupils are immoral, there is reason to fear that however good the discipline of the nursery, the child trained up in irreligion will not depart from it when old.

No class-book can be found equal to the Bible for the religious culture of children in the schools. It is not a sectarian book. All who call themselves Christians profess to believe that it is the best book in the world, and a very great majority that it is given to us by the Holy Spirit—that its amanuenses were "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Its style is characterized by great perspicuity, simplicity, beauty, precision, and force. It is, in all respects, admirably adapted for a class-book. Were it read on the forms, in our common schools, it would cheapen education—its price is so low compared with any other book—and would purify the fountains of learning.

Since these things cannot be gainsaid, it is to be deplored that the Bible is so little read, as a manual of common school education. Certainly all good people, who have the fear of God before their eyes, will be desirous to see a reformation in our system of common school training, by imparting to it a Christian complexion. All the nurture of our dearly beloved sons and daughters, from their most tender years, should have respect to the welfare of those immortal spirits, with which our Creator has endowed them. What will all education profit their souls if they are lost at death? Nothing, much less than nothing. It will only increase their capacity for the enduring of misery. Let parents and young people pause and soberly reflect on this suggestion, which they must admit to be indisputable.

Is there not as much, and even more need of a reformation in the higher departments of education? Have we been judicious in the selection of the authors taught in our academies, colleges, and universities, as class-books of Latin and Grecian literature? Is there any good reason, in the nature of the human mind, in the condition of the Church, or state of society in Christendom, that the Latin language should form the basis of literary culture? If any good reason can be given for the preference

of Latin before every other language, can any one offer an argument that will pass at the bar of him who judges the quick and the dead, for the use of Pagan books and not Christian? It is presumed these questions will be hard to answer in a manner satisfactory to Christ's true disciples.

We may fairly presume, that the Hebrew original of the Old Testament, as it is the work of the Spirit of the Lord that garnished the heavens, possesses greater beauty of literary finish than any work of man, and, especially, more than any heathen composition. One who has never learned any but the vernacular tongue, ought to come to this conclusion by reasoning *a priori*. Those who have read *well*, both the heathen authors taught in our colleges, and the Hebrew Bible, will arrive at the same result, *a posteriori*. Why then not prefer it as a place of beginning in our literary curriculum? Even were it admitted, which may not be, that the style is not so elegant as that of the heathen books now in use, surely the moral results ought to recommend *the word of God* before them.

1. The learner is daily in communion with the minds of holy men of God—Moses, Joshua, Samuel, and also the prophets. In them "he beholds as in a glass the glory of the Lord, and is changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

2. He is brought into fellowship with the blessed author of this divine book. The thoughts that occupy the mind of our Father in heaven are presented to the learner in every lesson. The pupil "is sanctified by the truth: God's word is truth." It is fellowship with God that makes the saints holy.

This will be an objection to the minds of those who are far from God and dislike piety; but not so to those of devout parents. What is there on earth that a good father and a mother more ardently desire and pray for than the sanctification and eternal salvation of their children?

3. The pupil learns to know the law, truth, and salvation that are of God. By daily and intense attention, which must be given in order to be prepared for recitation, what he reads in God's word is deeply impressed on his memory; much more so, as every scholar knows, than if he reads it in the vernacular tongue.

4. By reading the Hebrew Bible, the scholar learns the history of the Church and of the world, from the giving of the first promise to the time of Malachi.

5. By the use of maps, which every good teacher employs, and illustrations of the word drawn from the volume of nature, and from collateral history, the mind of the learner is taught to expatiate over vast and delightful fields of useful knowledge. By these means our sons and daughters* will be qualified

* Our young ladies should learn Hebrew as an accomplishment.

to adorn and bless society on earth, and be prepared for mansions of glory beyond the skies.

There are grave objections to the heathen books, especially for children.

1. They lead away the mind from Christ and the way of salvation. It would be superfluous to add that there is no allusion to our Redeemer from Cæsar to Horace, from Xenophon to Homer.

2. These books teach idolatry. The learner is in habitual fellowship with Jupiter, Juno, Venus, &c.—the former and the latter infamous for their vices. The mind is insensibly imbued with false conceptions of the object of adoration.

3. A spirit of unholy ambition is cherished altogether adverse to Christian humility. The *immensa cupido laudum*—immense desire of praise—is the highest motive known to the heathen moralists.

4. In the best of them there is gross licentiousness. Virgil is the most chaste of all the poets. Hear him: "*Pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin delicias*:"* the shepherd Corydon passionately loved Alexis, his darling. The shepherd is the poet himself. Alexis is—my pen refuses to tell who. Good parents will prefer the sweet singer of Israel to so licentious a poet.

THE INFIDEL.

BY REV. A. B. WOMBAUGH.

"The pompous sons of reason, idolized
And vilified at once; * * * *
While love of truth through all their camp resounds,
They draw pride's curtain o'er their noontide ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument;
And then, exulting in their *taper*, cry,
"Behold the sun!"

O, THE treacherous human *heart*! Who can fathom its deceptions?

As an illustration that it is "deceitful above all things," look at—what we rejoice is rarely found—an infidel. Observe, he is a professor of the natural sciences, engaged with a class in astronomy. He directs you to his orrery, and while the machine in motion beautifully represents the various movements of the solar system, he places a music-box in operation by its side, that his enraptured class may listen to "*the music of the spheres*," as they revolve in obedience to their Maker's will, through their respective orbits. Thus, by a pleasing association, to impress all with the perfectly harmonious movements, and wonderful regularity of the worlds rolling in fields of illimitable space. But, alas! though compelled to acknowledge the existence of a great First Cause, *he is not a Christian*.

Such was the habit, and such the character of one, once the preceptor of the writer. He had a

mind ready to conceive, and, with delighted admiration, contemplate the order and silent harmony of "the spheres." He had an ear to drink in this heavenly music; but no *heart to feel*, nor faith to admit that "*our God*"—the God of the Bible—was that great Original.

By what means were these doubts and objections brought upon his mind? The Bible points out the cause, in the *perverted* state of the sinner's *heart*. By it we trace all his skeptical doubts to this one corrupted and fruitful source of unbelief. The same book affirms, that the *invisible* things of the Creator, even his eternal power and Godhead, are from the creation of the world clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. So that they who doubt are without excuse, if living in unrighteousness.

Certainly this argument of the inspired penman, that the visible creation leads *reason* up at once to an invisible Creator, whom we are bound to serve and love, is as simple as it is sound and reasonable. But though the Bible points out the seat of unbelief, let us, for a moment, trace the *process* by which doubts are, in the face of the plain teachings of reason, induced upon the mind—doubts whether the Creator is a God whom man is bound to love and obey. And let us note the point at which the work of blinding the mind and perverting the heart begins.

We can readily admit the fact of a great First Cause. From the things that are made, we clearly understand there must be a maker. We have only to follow the leadings of a most simple argument, to arrive at this result. Indeed, we know not how the mind that is capable of reasoning in this matter, can come to any other conclusion, unless improperly influenced.

But the simple admission of a First Cause, while we deny to it moral attributes, or, what is the same thing with regard to man, assert that whatever be those attributes, they are totally unknown to us, will not involve responsibility and obligation to love and obey that Being or Cause. For, if the Creator do not possess these attributes, or man be not a moral agent, there is no responsibility or obligation. But if man is endowed with moral capabilities, and his Creator possess moral attributes, the conclusion is irresistible, that we are held responsible by his authority. But the God of the BIBLE is possessed of these in infinite perfection. And every view of him as there exhibited, shows that we are bound, by the highest obligations, to "fear him and keep his commandments." Yet it is a fact of thrilling importance, that there are those who do not like to retain *this* knowledge of God. The secret desire of their soul is, to be independent of Him, whose known moral nature involves the obligation to serve him. Here is the point of commencing resistance. Desiring to be freed from these restraints, and to avoid the idea of the resulting consequences of a bad

* Eclogue x, line 1.

life, the heart summons its energies, and brings into requisition its resources, to throw off all sense of obligation which arises from an acknowledgment of the God of the Bible. An ignorant mind might encase itself in its own darkness, and affirm, "There is no God," and thus publish its own shame; but the intelligent man cannot, without some show of argument, or pretense of reason, make the declaration. His mind is too much enlightened, but, alas! *his heart is not willing*. Hence, he cherishes all that can produce doubt and perplexity, and permits that which is dark and inscrutable in the moral world to come over his mind as a valid objection against our religion. There is evidently enough that is *plain*, to guide his conduct and show him how to live, that he may enjoy the favor of God. But *to take and act upon this*, and let the other remain, until God shall unfold them to the gaze of a wondering universe, and "justify his ways to man," does not suit his purpose. He cannot comprehend our God; therefore says, he will not believe in him. And in asserting this, he tells us the difficulty rests precisely where the Bible places it, in the *perverseness of the heart*. He can comprehend the God of the Christian as thoroughly as he admits the existence of a great First Cause.

There are, for aught we know, difficulties as inexplicable in the natural as in the moral world. But these do not involve moral agencies; and, therefore, he feels, and correctly too, that no unresolved point is to be admitted in natural philosophy against what is known or understood, or as being in the *least* a ground for doubt in regard to the whole system.

Now, why adopt a different principle in morals? Why urge in reference to God, difficulties which cannot be explained, when there is enough to show us how to live—enough for faith, for hope, and love? Why, because of these difficulties, will men deny our God? Simply, because they do not like to retain a knowledge of him; but wish to free their heart from a sense of obligation. Therefore, the most trivial objections weigh with their minds, and pervert their hearts in regard to the Bible, because that book teaches man's obligation to God. The point of resistance in the *heart* is, then, where the force of moral responsibility, connected with the character of God, meets them; and they feel it impossible to escape this obligation, but by shaking and darkening their minds in respect to that character. Infidelity can fix doubt upon the mind; but this is all. It cannot *prove* the irresponsibility of man to that God, who is the maker and upholder of all things.

Alas, poor Infidelity! thou canst *ruin* souls; but canst not save them. Thy character is sin. Thy wages *death*.

"Wrong not the Christian, think not reason yours:

'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear;

'Tis reason's injured rights his wrath resents:

To give lost reason *life* he poured his own.

Believe, and show the reason of a man;

Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God!"

THE FATHER'S REWARD.*

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY PROFESSOR JOHNSON.

FLORIDA was at this time fast filling up with the better class of citizens from Georgia and the Carolinas; and among the rest, the family of Col. A. had emigrated. It was during those memorable years when the majesty and power of the twenty-six united, sovereign states of North America were waging an inglorious war upon a handful of harmless Seminoles, in which was consumed more treasure, to *hunt* them from their barren swamps and inaccessible everglades, than served in a better cause to wrest the thirteen colonies from monarchical oppression, and establish our constitutional liberties. Augustus, the elder son of Col. A., was become the leader of a political party. General R., who commanded a division of the army, an intimate friend and habitual guest in the family, was at the head of the opposite party. These two men, united in cordial friendship, were diverse in character as in their creeds. The one possessed the haughtiness without the moderation of his father: the latter was mild by nature, and, by culture, urbane and conciliatory. Next to the interests of self, it was the happiness of each to see the other honored and prosperous. Political aspirations, however, at length introduced jealousies—jealousy grew to hatred, and hatred sought revenge for fancied wrongs. Strange suspicions came suddenly up in the minds of each whether his sometime friend were a "*gentleman*," and a man of "*honor*;" and this point must be tested according to the rules of "*the code*." General R. was willing, indeed, to believe the character of A. such as he had always understood it to be; and was ready to concede or do whatever was consistent with the character of a "*gentleman*" to promote reconciliation and peace. But the passionate nature of his opponent, who knew but one way to settle so important a question, left him but one alternative. He must either, in violation of his country's laws, and in defiance of the laws of God, take arms against the life of a fellow-citizen, or he must lose his *cast*, resign his station, and retire in disgrace to some country not blessed with so nice a "*sense of honor*." As a citizen, he could have made the election which would preserve his conscience and his *Christian honor* untarnished; but as a *soldier* he felt bound to succumb to a sentiment which he despised, and which he knew to be an outrage upon humanity, and decorum, and civil rights.

When, alas, shall the world cease from these miserable misnomers! To call the one who insults his neighbor, provokes a quarrel, and enforces bloodshed, regardless of the civil peace, and the happiness of

* Concluded from page 188.

families, a gentleman! To call the open day assassin, or the murderer *a la code*, "*a man of honor!*" To brand with the epithet of *coward*, the man who has the moral courage to withstand the force of a perverted public sentiment, and, in order to preserve his soul's purity, willingly bears the opprobrium cast upon him by those who know not to estimate true virtue! We aver it fearlessly, because it is the truth, that while the one party in such rencounters seeks the gratification of a fiendish hate or a sudden passion, the other, in most cases, *fights because he is a coward*.

* * * * *

But I linger in reflections thus provoked by mortal folly, while the action of my narrative proceeds. All things were duly arranged for "the meeting," and the day, which according to modern usage *must* prove fatal to one, was arrived. General R. had indeed, till the last, used such efforts as he dared, to avoid the rencounter, but the imperious will of Col. A., (for the son, too, was advanced to that title,) bore him onward with the strength and precipitancy of a moving avalanche. Not forgetful of his prudence even in the midst of revenge, he had forced the other party, by every possible insult, to give the challenge, that he might choose his own means and mode of attack. He accordingly selected the weapon in the use of which he was acknowledged to excel, and in which the skill of General R. was known to be inferior. Armed with such advantage and confident of success, he sought to cover by a spirit of levity, real or assumed, the deep purposes of hate, or the occasional fear that agitated his inner soul. Invited friends were present, whether to sustain his spirits for the unpardonable deed of death, or to share in his joys and his triumphs, his unsettled heart could hardly have told. There was the political aspirant, who sought, by an opportune approval of his course, to advance his own interests in the favor of his political captain. There was the hungry sycophant, who hoped, by his timely flattery and boast of his master's courage, to secure another year's bountiful pension. There was the acknowledged "*bully*," who vaunted, in mock feats, his skill with the sword, the pistol, or the knife. There was the braggadocio, who had been suspected of cowardice, vociferously extolling the merits of "*the code*;" his own readiness to avenge an insult; and that no man was a "*gentleman*" who would not "*fight*." And, not to name others, there was Clarence, widowed in her incipient nuptials by a calamity so signal; now the wife of another; and, in the high noon of womanhood, bearing her beauty and unrivaled empire in the world of fashion with a yet prouder mien than ever. All these, taking the cue from their host and champion of *honor*, affected to think lightly of the occasion of their gathering. The wine flowed freely, and in aiming at cheerfulness, they exhibited an unnatural merriment.

But there was one who had no part in this scene. The wife of the duelist felt that too much was at stake to give room for thoughts of mirth. Of a delicate constitution, and a gentle temper, she was oppressed with an undefinable dread. She loved her lord with all a woman's ardor, and, therefore, she feared; for it is yet as true in nature, as in verse,

"*Res est solliciti plena timoris—amor.*"

On parting for the scene of action, the husband endeavored to cheer her; and assuring her that he would return as soon as he had dispatched that *dead dog*, wished her to be prepared to entertain his friends with a sumptuous dinner. She hastened from his presence to her private room, and unable longer to support the dreadful weight of her feelings, resorted to an opiate, which soon rendered her insensible, and it was feared would endanger her life.

The sister, who was in fact the ruling spirit of the whole affair, was now left to do the honors of the house; and she caused the preparations to be enlarged and hastened, as if about to celebrate the anniversary of some great holyday.

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The hostile parties had sought the field. Insatiable in his revenge, A. had determined, if not successful at the first shot, to repeat the charge till he had slain his antagonist. It has already been said that General R. was not skilled in the use of the rifle—for that was the weapon chosen—but life is dear; and the brief time intervening between the "*preliminaries*" and "*the meeting*," was faithfully occupied to practice his hand and eye; and to what purpose soon appeared. At the first fire the haughty provoker of the quarrel fell, to close his eyes in a few moments in death. He had just enough of life to see his murderer approach; to witness his apparent distress and his proffered kindness, which the dying man repulsed with a more bitter expression of hate than seemed possible to gather on the lips of a mortal.

The proud one, the scorner, the hater—is fallen; but, as yet, the widowed and orphaned house know it not. The restless Clarence, already exulting, moves through the preparations for the triumph with increasing haste. So sanguine and determined was her hope, she refused to believe the messenger of ill. Even the solemn approach of the company which bore the victim failed to convince her. Her brother could not die at the hands of such a man; he should not; there must be life. She besought, or rather commanded the surgeon, with impatience and almost with blasphemy, to restore him. But when the corpse was extended in the room adjacent to that of the senseless, and perhaps dying wife, she became calm, and gazing in fixed posture at those features which had ceased to move, it seemed doubtful whether her heart would flow with the tenderness of a sister's love, or burst in contempt, as upon the carcass of a coward, that he had dared to fall in

such a contest. Presently her mind seemed wandering, as if laboring to descend from the height of her recent anticipations to so deep a gulf of disappointment and despair. But when at length the ball was extracted and placed in her hand, she started suddenly as if instinct at once with all the furies of the infernal regions. I have no words to express the violence of her emotions. She raved like a lioness robbed of her whelps. She rushed from apartment to apartment, like a sweeping tornado, gathering strength as she moved; casting insult, and defiance, and hate, at every object she met; and with imprecations, which sound doubly fearful from the mouth of woman, swore that that bullet should drink the heart's blood of Gen. R. Reader, this is the once lovely Clarence, and to this capability of uncontrollable madness had she come, by a course as natural as that by which the mountain rivulet finds the level of the ocean.

Revenge is quick to devise the means of its gratification. There was yet a brother—the banished W. The foolish passion which had caused his estrangement had long since died away, and they were ready to embrace any pretext for a reconciliation. It was determined, that to avenge his brother's death should be the price of the atonement.

* * * * *

Strange contact of virtue and vice in this world of ours! A bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with a single traveling companion, was returning from his distant field of labor, across the unfrequented plains of Texas. The streams swollen by the recent rains, and their ignorance of the country, had impeded their progress, and not knowing well where they were, or how far distant from their destination, they saw the night closing in upon them. While seeking to ford a little river, which threatened to embarrass them, they were overtaken by two men better acquainted with the passes and the roads. With southern urbanity and western freedom, conversation waits little on ceremony. Finding it impracticable to gain the point they aimed at that night, one of the strangers hospitably invited our travelers to his house. It was an humble one, he said, and could afford them but few conveniences at present; for he was about to move from the country, and his goods were already packed. But he had provender for their horses, plenty of food, and a shelter for the night, if no bed; and to such as he had, they were heartily welcome.

They arrived at their proffered home at that most pensive hour, when the shades of twilight were just deepening into night. It was a rural cottage on the borders of a solitary plantation, surrounded by unbroken ranges of forest, of that luxuriant growth which is seen only within or near the tropical region. In the door sat the mother of the family, gazing out upon the magnificent scene before her, with an expression, that could not be mistaken, of the deepest

sadness. Was it her regret at parting from that secluded spot, endeared to her as the scene of her homefelt cares and joys? Crouched by her side were two or three little boys, apparently touched by some childish dread which made them fear to stir. Within appeared the emptiness and disorder always attending such preparations as they were making for a hasty removal. The whole aspect of things would have seemed to any but to Methodist itinerants to offer little promise of enjoyment for that night.

The good lady, roused by the approach of strangers, evidently found relief in the duties of hospitality. Soon the steaming urn and smoking biscuits, strongly lighted by a blazing pile of lightwood knots, gave a new aspect to the face of things. Cheerfulness returned to the little group. The kind attentions and urbanity of their entertainer, soon caused our travelers to forget the meagerness of the accommodations. On learning that they were ministers of the Gospel and Methodists, the hostess made mention of *her father*. His name and history were so well known in the Church, that the strangers, through that mediation, soon became friends together. The conversation was directed mainly on the subject of religion, in which the family joined with interest, or listened with profound respect. At a suitable hour in the evening, the gentleman brought forward a Bible and a Methodist Hymn-Book, and invited the bishop to honor his house with the exercise of family worship.

The conversation had revived to the memory of a little son, some six or eight years old, the early lessons of piety he had heard from his mother; and during prayer he became so affected that his little heart was melted down, and he wept profusely. When they endeavored to soothe his feelings, and inquired the cause of his emotion, he could only answer: *he loved God, and he loved to hear that good man talk and pray*. The mother was deeply moved at this simple declaration, and could only, with much effort, regain her composure. She had indeed, with difficulty, effected, during the whole evening, to cast off her sadness, and her manner, at times, seemed to indicate that she was desirous to reveal to these messengers of God some important secret, and implore their interposition and their aid. But they felt not authorized to invite her confidence, or multiply inquiries. They only learned that the name of their host was W. A.; that he was preparing to take his family to Florida where his friends resided, and where business of importance demanded his immediate presence. It was observed, that whenever the removal was referred to, Mrs. A. was particularly affected, and hastened to put the subject from her thoughts.

* * * * *

The few facts I have further to state, shall be dismissed as briefly as possible. The avenger of a brother's death was arrived, and sought, by every

possible means of indignity and insult, to provoke a quarrel which should lead to an "*honorable* meeting." Continually foiled in his attempts by the prudence of General R., at length, impatient of delay, and goaded on by his yet more impatient instigators, he resolved to descend from the *honorable* to the necessary; for the blood of his foe he must have at all hazards. He accordingly sought by ambush and surprise to accomplish his work in secret.

The duties of General R. frequently brought him to the capital of the territory. His wife resided with her father, a few miles from the city, and it was known to his steady pursuer, that he would daily pass along the road leading to the plantation of his father-in-law. A little shop, just in the outskirts of the town, on this road, was rented, and in this the high-minded avenger, armed with a rifle, took his station. For several successive days, General R. passed in company with other men, or after dark. But desire failed not. Like a faithful sentinel he held his watch. At length he had the gratification to see his prey riding alone, returning home, at the early dusk of evening. He made ready his gun, braced his nerves, and planted his foot for the onset, waited till the other was fairly past, then suddenly threw back the door, and coming behind the unconscious man brought him lifeless to the ground.

Should the assassin flee? Should the murderer seek to escape detection? Nay, he would triumph publicly. He went into the city, and delivered himself to the magistrate—was committed for trial—was bailed, and, after vaunting his success sufficiently, returned to Texas. This plan of evading justice was previously arranged. They who were so eager for revenge, were willing to pay a price for the blood of their enemy.

* * * * *

The brief paragraph that follows, I would gladly omit, but that it forms a link in the narrative.

The fate of the once amiable W. A.: the youthful husband of the gentle and pious Isabella H., and whom she had hoped, in the ardor of her early confidence—ah! how much she hoped has been already told. Let us see the end of her "*faith*."

He had now advanced far upon a course which he could not retrace. The torments of an uneasy conscience hurried him down the abyss of wretchedness and crime with fearful celerity. How generally odious he soon made himself, the event will show. We pass by the various deeds not connected directly with the end.

Riding alone one day, he met a man against whose life he had registered an irrevocable oath. The man was accompanied by a nephew, a lad of about fourteen years. The parties halted, as if to deliberate what degree of technical "*honor*" should be given to the "*fight*," on which both were bent. W. drew from his pocket, and handed to the other a paper, which contained a written warning that he

must defend his life or lose it. Under this shallow pretext of *honorable* dealing, as soon as he saw his adversary engaged in the reading, he elevated his pistol, not withdrawing it from his pocket, and directed the point so successfully, that in a moment he sent the fatal lead to the vitals of the unsuspecting man. His enemy was dead at his feet. Leaping from his horse, he disarmed the lad, who bore a rifle, and ordered him with threats, which he dared not disobey, to follow him. They rode to the nearest town, and the murderer again delivered himself to the magistrate. But he had now raised a storm he could not control. With difficulty was the excited mob restrained from tearing him limb from limb. While the civil authorities were conducting him to prison, the infuriate lad who had witnessed the deed, had recovered his rifle, and coming behind the culprit, fired upon him through the crowd, only wounding him in one of the extremities. Without farther harm he was lodged in the "*calabouse*." That evening witnessed an assemblage of the "*sovereign* people," to *deliberate*, not on the execution of the laws, but the "*administration of justice*!" It was determined that the prisoner should be brought out, and whoever wished should have the privilege to wreak his vengeance upon him, in such form as he chose. A strong guard was set for the night, and in the morning, the victim was led forth upon the common, where he fell, pierced by thirteen rifle balls, and was rolled into the ditch to rot!

Alas, for thee, Isabella! Thus widowed in the prime of womanhood! And thy little ones thus orphaned! Alas, for thy once ardent hopes and thy seeming faith!

There was yet one actor in this mournful tragedy. In a part of the territory of Florida, remote from the busy world, was a little opening in the wilderness, which might be taken as the beginning of a new plantation, or as the place chosen for the retirement of some one sated with the pleasures of the world, disgusted at its follies, or broken by calamities, and who wished to avoid even the intrusion of friends. Here, at the bottom of a gentle vale, stood a rudely constructed log cabin. Some half-dozen magnolia's of native growth, left standing by its side, interwove their summits in lofty arches over the roof, and might seem, to a ready imagination, like sentinels planted by Almighty care as guardians of the spot. A weeping willow, with its long pendant branches, nearly covered one end. A variety of fragrant shrubs and vines clustered around its sides, and the jasmine and multiflora threw their pliant arms so profusely over the roof, that the little cottage was almost buried in the dense masses of verdure. In the rear, stood two or three huts for the negroes, who performed the menial offices of the place.

The cabin was divided into two apartments; of which one served as the eating and sleeping room of

the solitary inmate; the other might have served as an office, but that he had ceased wholly from business; or a reception room, if by any chance his solitude should be interrupted. It held, in confused order, the relics of a former establishment, once evidently magnificent. Over the rough floor was thrown, for lack of a better place to store them, three several carpets, the upper one of the richest Turkey manufacture. On one side, suspended from pins in the logs, hung an unstrung guitar, a golden-hilted sword, and a hunting apparatus, quite rusty from neglect. Another side was adorned with a suite of family portraits. Besides several of a former generation, there was a woman, in the prime of life, two youths, and a beautiful maiden. In one corner, a piano, its strings corroding by the weather; in another a pile of lamps and other ornamental parlor furnishings. In the centre of the room, a marble-top table, with a few books, paper, and an open ink-stand upon it, were ordinarily the only indications of life or human presence.

This gloomy abode was, on the night to which I refer, lighted by a single lamp, which threw its beams faintly upon the dusky walls. The unsteady movements of the occupant, now sitting, now pacing to and fro with unequal step, betrayed a powerful agitation of mind. He was a man upon whom the weight of cares more than of years had made a deep impression. His visage was emaciated and wan; his eye, once fiery and commanding, glared from the half-filled socket, with an unnatural lustre. His nerves were strongly shaken, but his step was yet elastic, and his manly frame unbent. Suddenly he stopped before the table: his trembling knees and quivering lips showed that a paroxysm of keener anguish had seized his soul. His eye wandered, but vainly, as if for some object to divert his attention; then, raising his clenched hands, and lifting his face toward heaven, he cried, "But, *God is just!*"

The sound of his own voice seemed to break the spell; and he sank into the chair, exhausted by the violence of his emotions. Presently he removed to the open casement to get a fresher breath. The darkness without was fearfully dense. The heavy roar of the winds in the deep forest that begirt his loneliness, might have been called sublime; but it sounded to his ear with a solemnity too awful for such an epithet. It seemed as the dirge of a perishing universe; as did the overhanging blackness its funeral pall. Under a scene so in unison with his feelings, he grew calm, and reproaching himself for the weakness he betrayed, as if disgraced in the eyes of the world, he rose, as he flattered himself, with a stouter heart. As he turned, his eyes were arrested by the pictures upon the wall, and the arrows of remorse again entered his bosom. "Nay, I have said it," he exclaimed. "That name, which from infancy I have scarcely named but to blaspheme, I have uttered it once with fear if not with reverence—*God*

is just! There ye are all. Thou fairest of daughters! with thee my real afflictions began. Thy calamity was my calamity. But bravely we buffeted, as we then thought, the bitter surge, and lunched again into the world's wide sea of pleasures. Clarence! thou wert lovely; thou wert more than a queen; thou wert a goddess among mortals! And now, what art thou? But I will not reproach my fallen self too far. I did not oppose thy religion. Was there not some merit in that? Nay," he continued with a sudden expression of bitterness, "but I fostered thy vanity till it banished the thought of religion from thy mind. And now the legacy I leave thee is, a hardened heart, a seared conscience, days of dread and nights of remorse. But not so remorseful as mine; no, heaven forefend such a wosome doom be thine.

"And thou, the wife of my youth! do not reproach me thus! That mild look goes like an army of daggers to my heart. Spare me, while thou mayst, the pains of eternal torture!

"And there art thou, my eldest born! That lip, with its haughty curl, and that lifting brow, were once my delight. I *taught* thy infant tongue to blaspheme. Ah! bitter dreg in life's chalice—to excel in profanity was a glory! I taught thee the lesson thou hast faithfully practiced, to the irretrievable shame of my sinking age.

"And there is my W., with more of thy mother's meekness in thy youthful face. I once sought to crush that gentleness that might have been nurtured to goodness. When thy little saint of a wife would have won thee from the ways of thy father, I banished thee my presence. I gave thee a father's curse for thy portion, and in awful retribution has it now returned upon my head. Alas, that it should have come to this! The last of a line whose boast it was to bear a name of untarnished *honor*—to have perished as perishes the vilest dog! But I see—there is a God; and I have my reward—for *God is just!*" and he reeled wildly and almost frantic across the room, till the paroxysm having spent its violence, he again threw himself into his chair, in a state of apathy.

It were needless to repeat further the details of the stricken life of the once proud man with whom our tale commenced. He continued his sorrowful pilgrimage some years, with a softened, if not a better heart, and confessing to the few he met, that the retribution which had reached him was *just!*

MANY of the old English proverbs are admirable for point and power of language. "Avarice devours the soul." How true it is that this disposition where it obtains, not only assumes a paramount and leading place in character, but also tends to check, to repress, and finally to overwhelm and absorb every other quality of the mind, not akin to itself.

CHARACTER OF DAVID.

BY MISS C. M. BURROUGH.

THE twenty-ninth chapter of the first book of Samuel, though seemingly but a historical chapter, is particularly pleasing in regard of its philosophy of character. It will be remembered that David, notwithstanding his faithfulness, had been persecuted by Saul, king of the Israelites, with intent of death, "even unto strange cities"—to a city of the Philistines; and here his characteristic integrity was accredited by the noble candor of Achish, king of this people, even to the granting him an asylum and support among them, although he was known aforetime to have been the slayer of their champion, Goliath. When the faithfulness of David is commended, it would refer to his personal character generally, his faithfulness to his engagements, and the accordance of his sentiments to all those matters which he esteemed duties.

Some young reader may, perhaps, suppose that David in respect of *patriotism* should be compared with the Swiss soldiers of modern times, who, though hirelings to various foreign countries, are ever found faithful unto the death to the cause they may have espoused, equally as if they were fighting for their *own*. But no comparison can, with propriety, be instituted betwixt persons acting under the "old" and the "new" dispensation, each having its distinct propriety in the nature of things. In the old time there was direct communication afforded by God to his creatures. Neither should David be called a hireling; for his motive in quitting his own country was purely of discretion, without selfishness: he fled to save his life; and his life, under existing circumstances, could not be rendered useful to his country. Also, as may be seen in a former chapter, he sorely deprecates this necessity: in his remonstrance to Saul, with strong and proportionate indignation, he says, "If the Lord have stirred thee up against me, let him accept an offering: but if they be the children of men, cursed be they before the Lord; for they have driven me out this day from abiding in the inheritance of the Lord, saying, 'Go serve other gods.'" (This latter clause should signify, that he intended, wherever he should be, always to *worship*, and that a conscious religion was a necessity of his soul.) It will be remembered that he fled from the persecutions of Saul, only after repeated experiences of his want of truth in promising him (David) forbearance. And although he had ever refrained from interfering with the rights of Saul, as king of Israel—a thing which it had been easy for him to do—yet he could not, probably, help looking to that country, which he was destined, ultimately, to possess and govern. More than all this, his moves were overruled by the direct dictation, which he ever sought, of God.

When David fled from the coast of Israel, he brought over with him six hundred men, his followers. And Achish gave him, permanently, the town of Ziklag, for his possession. And now the time has come when the Philistines are gathering together their hosts and marching against the Israelites. "And the lords of the Philistines passed on by hundreds and by thousands; but David and his men passed on in the re-re-ward with Achish."

It is remarkable in the whole history of David, what intuitive confidence he inspires in characters of a like stamp with his own: throughout we notice the yearning of Jonathan's heart toward him, and now is Achish, notwithstanding circumstances, alike impressed by the power of his truthfulness. But the princes of the Philistines were not of this way of thinking; they were of another sort, and believed in the policy of character alone. They demanded of Achish, "What do these Hebrews here?"—which, indeed, trusting to circumstances alone, seemed only a proper prudence.

Achish's defense of David, again, is characteristic of his own openness and absence of suspicion; for he adduces the very circumstances which might create distrust: "Is not this David, the servant of the king of Israel, which hath been with me these days, or these years, and I have found no fault in him since he fell unto me unto this day?" But the princes were not satisfied, they were "wroth" and said, with a worldly good sense, to be sure, "Make this fellow return, that he may go again to his place which thou hast appointed him, and let him not go down with us to battle, lest in the battle he be an adversary to us: for wherewith should he reconcile himself unto his master? should it not be with the heads of these men?" And furthermore, they said, "Is not this David, of whom the people sang, saying, Saul slew his thousands, and David his ten thousands?" Upon this Achish calls to David, and with apology for remanding him home, bestows commendations on his faithfulness since ever he has been with him; and, also, disclaims all suspicion against him in the present case, adding, "nevertheless the lords favor thee not: wherefore return and go in peace, that thou displease not the lords of the Philistines." Again, David offers remonstrance, professing what Achish had allowed of his faithfulness, and urging that he be allowed to proceed. And again, Achish iterates his commendation, "I know that thou art good in my sight, as an angel of God: (how beautiful is the poetry!) notwithstanding the princes of the Philistines have said, He shall not go up with us to the battle: wherefore now rise up early in the morning with thy master's servants that are come with thee: and as soon as ye be up early in the morning, and have light, depart." And David did so.

Here we may remark the imperative tone in which these princes address their king. This may have been the order of the time, but it was, more

probably, of the exigency of the times: these princes were now accoutred for battle, they were in cohort, and felt their own consequence and power. Mark, again, the quiet compliance with which the king submits his wishes to theirs. He did not array his *veto*, or his *will*, against their sensible remonstrance, but as they might be the sufferers, according to their conceit of David's possible treachery, conceded his authority, and notwithstanding their uncourteous language, acquiesced in their decision. This shows a goodness of morality in the individual—an absence of obstinacy, a considerateness, a self-dignity, a freedom from the littleness of personal requiring—traits, all akin to the general candor of Achish's character, and which proved the *man* superior to the *king*.

But of David. We have seen how gracious were his gifts of character, in which seemingly opposite excellencies were combined. It is seldom seen that a great warrior is a musician, and still less a poet. Yet David, the exterminator of nations, was still the "sweet singer of Israel," and no less for this was he the author of the book of Psalms. Did not he frame the lament over Saul and Jonathan, saying, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." And again, "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided." This is thought the most tender and beautiful poem that was ever written.

Of the magnanimity of David's disposition we have many instances: notice his manly disdain of unequal conflicts, "As when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains." Neither could he ever be suborned from justice by any selfish advantage: notice his instant punishment of Rechab and Baanah for destroying Ishbosheth, whereby they thought to please David. And yet David's faithfulness, however admirable, was not the distinguishing trait of his character; neither was his valor; neither was his justice, nor his candor; nor was his gift of poetry, or his music. One quality there was, if one it may be called, higher than all these, incomparably higher—his crowning excellence was *piety to God*. Mark his respect for whatever is reputed holy. And his ever refraining at repeated opportunities of vengeance against his persecutor, Saul; and always because he is the "anointed of the Lord." Mark his frequent sacrifices, his instant expiations, his use of the "ephod" when he would present his prayer, his continual ascriptions of praise, his constant denial of self in his achievements, and his thanksgivings. And when "athirst," three mighty men break through a host, and, at great peril, procure him water, he would not drink it, but poured it out unto the Lord, in thankfulness that their lives were spared who brought it. Much grace no doubt was vouchsafed to David; but that grace he cherished and honored.

And still David was, by nature, like other men in regard to certain annoyances. At the time he became established in his kingdom, it will be remembered that he went with much state, to bring up the ark of the Lord, from the house of Obed-edom the Gittite, to his own city; "and as the ark of the Lord came into the city of David, Michal, Saul's daughter, looked through a window, and saw King David leaping and dancing before the Lord; and she despised him in her heart." Albeit he was dancing "before the Lord," yet she "despised him," which is evidence that she had herself no religious impressions; or could not understand that one of David's enthusiastic temperament, under high religious impressions, could be wrought upon, even to this effect. She must, also, have been possessed of no discretion, and have had an outbreking temper; for she incontinently reproached him, even in the moment of his happiness and success—a moment when the heart alike, as in misfortune, calls for sympathy and gratulation. But she reproaches him, and we are taught thereby, how alienating is derision, how intolerable are irony and scoffings; for even David's forbearance is disturbed by them; and, changing the whole current of his emotions, "for he had returned to bless his household," he is provoked to answer her, even in the same strain.

It may be remembered of this woman, that when David took her away from her present husband, Phaltiel, the son of Laish, that her husband went with her along, weeping behind her, to Bahurim. And little did David then imagine what a bitterness he was preparing for his own bosom, by receiving her. Although no positive injustice can be charged upon this act, for she was David's wife before she had been given to Phaltiel, yet it may have been from a motive of pride rather than of affection, that he disturbed the regard of the other by recalling her.

How careful is David, after his accession to the throne of Israel, in seeking for, and cherishing the relatives and dependents of Saul, showing thereby his sense of the rights of possession and place, and his gratitude to God for his own advancement, with a tender recollection of his beloved Jonathan, in the especial care of his son, Mephibosheth.

Assured of his own authority, how free is he from the littleness of personal assumption, the urging of unnecessary claims to honor; how even docile to the dictation of others in cases not involving consequences. He is never afraid that any will tax him with cowardice, and defers in instances to the discretion of others, and refrains from joining the battle.

How instant is he in restitution and atonement. How does he seek to expiate the sin of Saul aforetime, against the Gibeonites, who had sought to slay them in his zeal to the children of Israel and Judah; and though these people will accept nothing but blood, which, indeed, was but atonement in kind, demanding that "seven men of Saul's sons be

delivered unto us, and we will hang them up unto the Lord in Gibeah of Saul, *whom* the Lord did choose." And to this demand, David promptly replies, "I will give them." And this he did, that they being satisfied, might bless the inheritance of the Lord. David's care of Saul's descendants has been reverted to, and it should also be here explained, that the Lord had now, in David's reign, signified his displeasure at this act of Saul, by a three years' famine over the land of Israel. And David had inquired of the Lord concerning it, and the Lord answered, "It is for Saul and for his bloody house, because he slew the Gibeonites." The expiation being made, it says, "And after that, God was entreated for the land:" i. e., these people returned to their prayers.

Of these seven victims, the grandsons of Saul, none were the sons of Jonathan, because of David's covenant with him, of "kindness to his house for ever;" and this they had mutually sworn before the Lord, in the early days of their friendship. We might go on to quote examples, and to multiply instances of David's righteousness, of his goodly dispositions, and goodly deeds; but we forbear—enough has been said.

It is not without reluctance, that we name any exception to a character of so much general excellence as that of David; yet he, in common with other men, was not free from every vice of disposition. One instance there is, which would seem to involve all his better character, and for the time to obliterate even his habitual truth and fairness. No reader can pass without abhorrence over his wicked betrayal of Bathsheba, followed by his atrocity toward her husband, Uriah. The example shows what a fatal *bias of character* may be effected by the indulgence of incontinence and vice; and although David was made sorry for this act, and became self-convicted by the beautiful parable of the ewe lamb, as expounded to him by the prophet Nathan, yet we do not easily forget his sin. We remember it the rather for the great grace which has been vouchsafed to him; and now, as then, the example should "give great occasion for the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme;" yet should they not forget the great and signal punishments which this crime drew after it; and of all things should they not forget David's instant acknowledgment of sin. Whatever else he forgets, even himself, yet he forgets not God. He seeks *him* alike in sin or in obedience, when he would render acknowledgment or thanksgiving. We nowhere admire him more than in his humiliations: the graciousness of his submissions, and the sincerity of his self-abasement, are peculiar evidences of his piety. Could any thing be more lovely than his behavior in the instance, where his child, whom God has stricken for the sin of the father, is lying sick? He then mourns bitterly, tasting, as it were, every morsel of his punishment. He fasted, and besought God for the child, and lay

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all night upon the earth. And when the elders of the house sought to raise him up from the earth, he would not, neither did he eat bread with them. But on the seventh day the child died, and then "David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord and worshiped." How significant is all this of the candor of a Christian soul!

My young reader, probably, knows that David wrote the book of Psalms, not one of which I have here quoted from.

Finally, it is wise for us all to remember that the "New Testament" is our exemplar—contains our covenant. It is also expedient that we forget not that taking David for ensample, some might be betrayed by self-love, to make partial allowance, and excuse themselves by David's faults, at the same time that they fall short of his excellences; or make the equally pernicious error of commuting our sins for our merits. This has not been promised to any, and we have no right to make our own rule. "God prefers whom he does prefer;" besides that, he hath given to us "a law both pure and perfect."

MIGNION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Mignon, a young and enthusiastic girl, had been stolen away in early childhood from Italy. Her vague recollections of that land, and her early home, with its graceful sculptures, and pictured saloons, are continually haunting her, and at times break forth in the substance of the following song. It is evident, from the many circumstances she relates, that if not some nobleman's daughter, at least her parents were in very high life.

Dost thou know that land where the citron blows—
Where mid the bright leaves the gold orange glows—
Where myrtle and laurel grow freshly and fair,
And scatter their sweets on the summer air?
Dost know that land?

There let us flee:

I wish there to live, there die with thee.

Dost thou know that house? see its gay saloon,
And white pillared halls 'neath the clear full moon.
The cold marble statues now seem to say,
"O, why do you linger so long away?"
Knowest thou the place?

There let us flee:

Father, stay not, I'll live there with thee.

Knowest thou the mount with its thick cloudy brow?
There toils the mule still; I e'en see it now—
The dark, cragg'd caves, and the wild, rocky shore,
Where the waters still roll, and the ocean roar.
Knowest thou that place?

There I would flee;

O, there I would live, there die with thee.

MISCELLANEOUS SKETCHES.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

AMIALE reader, again we meet to hold our monthly talk—a plain, straight-forward, informal talk. We must, however, use the hand and the eye, instead of the tongue and the ear. In plain words, our talk must be a scribble, or, I would say, a *write*, if English grammars would allow us to use *write* as a noun; but this they do not allow, and the grammars are the power behind the compositor's "throne, greater than the throne itself." I imagine not myself writing to the public, or for the public. The public is altogether too staid, and dignified, and learned, and ceremonious, and critical, and aggregate a personage for my taste. But I write to you, and for you, my gentle and fair friend, the dutiful daughter, the devoted wife, the good mother, who may choose to follow me in my eccentric and devious wanderings, steering "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." In my free and easy interview with you, let me not be cooped up in the presence of logical reasoners, and hair-splitting metaphysicians. Forced all day to be solving equations, and developing functions, and deducing differentials, and summing up integrals, and measuring triangles, and moving about in conic sections, I must at evening, when I sit down to commune with the gentle and the fair, have a respite from what men call science and reason, and must cultivate the sentiments and the affections—the noblest part of human nature.

And now, my dear friend, how do you do? and how have you been since last we met? Has May indeed been to you the merry month? Merry has it truly been to beast, and to bird, and to insect, and to flower. Merry should it be to man, merry to woman, merry to child. But the human heart is subject to influences, which the seasons may not control, and it may be sad, while all else is cheerful. And, perhaps, it is well. Sorrow has sometimes a good effect. It smoothes the ruggedness, and softens the hardness of human character. It even renders the taste more delicate, and the feelings more tender. A cup of pure joy, without one mixture of sorrow, might become insipid. All light and no shade might mar the beauty of the finest landscape. Sorrow is a part of the inheritance of man. "As the sparks fly upward, man is born to trouble." Happy is he, and deeply grateful to Providence should he be, who may pass one single month, without one sigh of sorrow, one groan of grief, one shade of sadness. When we least expect it, some anxious expectation is disappointed, some ardent desire thwarted, some long cherished hope abandoned, some fond aspiration smothered, some glorious vision faded, some loved one lost, some dear friend buried.

And now, kind reader, I will not conceal from you, (for why should I?) that since last we met, a deep, sudden, but not transitory wave of sorrow has

sadly disturbed the tranquil cheerfulness of my own heart. A gentle being whom I loved—an angel of mercy and of kindness, whom long time ago heaven sent athwart my devious path, as my guardian from ill, and my guide to virtue in youth, and who, in my maturer years, became, in affection, and by God's holy ordinance, my mother, has gone for ever from among us. And I could not visit her in her affliction, could not watch by her bedside, could hold no cooling draught to her parched lips, nor bathe her burning temples. I heard not the words of blessing which she invoked on my poor self, nor looked on her face, pale, placid, and even beautiful in death. I listened not to the words of the man of God, as in the old village church he administered consolation to the mourning ones. On her grave I may never plant a flower, or drop a tear. The last time I saw her was the hour of separation from her children and grandchildren, who were accompanying me to the west. The farewell words had been spoken, the farewell kisses given, and the carriage, which contained the emigrating members of the family, had started from the old homestead, I was lingering behind to adjust some miscellaneous business, intending to overtake the family at their first resting-place. Gazing wistfully at the carriage, as it rose and disappeared over the hill, she sadly exclaimed, "Ah, my children, how many hills and valleys you must wearily cross, before you reach your distant, far distant journey's end." Alas, those hills and valleys still separated us from her in her dying hour, and we had no part in the rites which affection performs in memory of the departed.

Andromache, the wife of the renowned Hector, exiled from the land of her birth, and the grave of her hero, by the side of a little stream, which she called the Simois, the name of that which flowed by her childhood's home, erected a mound, and built an altar in memory of him who was buried far away, and there she went annually to weep for her loved and lost one. The sentiment which prompted this act is a part of the very constitution of human nature. It lives in the human heart, whether that heart beats in the bosom heated by the fiery sun of the south, or chilled by the icy breezes of the north. I confess myself held in willing subjection to this sentiment. I would not resist it if I could, and I know I could not if I would.

It was, perhaps, partly by the influence of this universal sentiment of humanity, that we, children by birth, and by marriage, whom Providence had unexpectedly and strangely drawn together here, on the very verge of the western prairies, met together, one lovely afternoon, with such friends as chose to drop in, to hold religious services in memory of our mother. There was no visible object before us to remind us of her, but her portrait hanging from the parlor wall. The man of God, who never opens his lips on sacred things but to utter words of deep

devotion, melting sympathy, and rapturous eloquence, stood up among us, and spoke to us of love, and of hope, and of heaven. Then we mingled our tears in sweet communion, and talked over the virtues of our departed mother. And virtues many and great she had. Her heart was a fountain of kindness, and her whole character, an embodiment of meekness, gentleness, and benevolence. The poor rose up and called her blessed. The orphan called her mother, and all called her friend.

Gentle reader, you will, doubtless, agree with me that the virtues of domestic life, and those of quiet, unobtrusive, unostentatious benevolence, are those which most adorn the female character. A woman may, it is true, be a useful and efficient public agent. She may exert influence in politics. She may make public addresses on moral reform, and public lectures on science. She may be excellent in exhortation, and in public prayer, and she may even preach. But all these things can be done a great deal better by men than by women.

I cannot say that I value a woman much more highly for being particularly active in public matters, and for being able fluently to discuss politics and theology, though I would like to have her understand such subjects. I never could like the *heroic* woman, in whatever way she might choose to act the hero. I am aware that my notions on this point may seem heresy; but no matter, since you are to consider them as only my private opinions, designed only for your ear. So far as the public is concerned, the editor may, if he pleases, put in a *caveat*.

But there are, however, scenes in human life, in which woman is the only proper actor. There are positions in society, which she only can properly occupy. In the domestic circle she holds a charm. She needs no words of incantation to make it work. Her own sweet voice of domestic love is enough. She needs call no "spirits from the vasty deep." Her own gentle spirit is all powerful. She throws enchantment over the scene, and holds all about her in a spell. Her virtues may best be exercised in making home pleasant, and comfortable, and peaceful, and happy; in training and educating the children, and in diffusing a gentle, and benevolent, and gracious influence all along her path. As a member of society, she may exercise the benevolent virtues in visiting the sick, in distributing to the necessities of the poor, and especially in educating the young. The cause of education is one particularly appropriate to her genius, taste, and habits. Constituted as society is, much, very much of the education of the young must devolve on her.

It is, however, a sad reflection after all, that no virtues, however eminent, can, for a moment, redeem one from death.

"With noiseless step death comes on man;
No plea, no prayer delivers him;
From midst of life's unfinished plan,
With sudden hand it severs him."

Go to the grave-yard of your native village, and you will be deeply affected at the rapid increase of population in that village of the dead. I remember the opening of a new grave-yard in the rural neighborhood, which was my home when a boy. It was a neighborhood of industrious, healthy, moral, and, as I then supposed, long-lived people, scattered over a beautiful agricultural district. I was present at the interment of the first tenant of that cemetery. It was an old man. For many a year he had occupied the same seat every Sabbath at Church, his white locks falling in ringlets over his shoulders, and his form, once tall, erect, and manly, bent forward with old age and decrepitude. Standing apart from the company around the grave, and looking on the scene, I wondered how long the old man must lie there alone. Soon I left my boyhood's home, and amid the interest of new scenes thought no more of the grave-yard and the lonely old man. A quarter of a century passed, and I returned. I was surprised to find the grave-yard become so strangely populous in so short a time. There I found inscribed on slabs of marble the names of many, and many a one whose face I sadly missed in my wanderings over the neighborhood. I found I had more acquaintances among the dead than among the living; and I felt more at home among this quiet congregation of the dead, on the open hillside, than among the stirring congregation of the living, in the old church.

Many and mournful are the changes which time works among familiar things. Returning after years of absence to the home of your childhood, the very face of nature seems changed. The field, which seemed a domain worthy a king, has contracted to a few paltry acres. The brook, which to childhood's eye seemed a great stream, has almost dried up. The house, which seemed to you a palace, has dwindled to a small cottage. And that house, too, is occupied by strangers, and no familiar face meets you at the door; or, what is worse, it is not occupied at all, but is left deserted, desolate, and decaying. You wander through the vacant rooms, and hear no sound, except that of the cricket beneath the hearth-stone, and see no living thing, except the little mouse scudding off at your coming. A deserted house, especially if that house has ever been your happy home, is the most desolate of all desolate places, and the most gloomy of all gloomy objects. I once had a pleasant little cottage, which had for years been my home, and the home of my little children. I had rendered the spot beautiful, by ornamental and useful culture, and I really loved it, for its own sake, and for its associations. Often, in my busy life, after a long and dreary ride, I had reached, after dark, the top of the hill, and looked down on the lights streaming forth from the window. The lights of home—the lights of home falling on the eye of the benighted, way-worn, and weary traveler—nothing but the lights of heaven, that stream

forth from the throne of God, to cheer up the pathway of the Christian, as he passes through the valley of the shadow of death, can equal the lights of home. Since my removal from that cottage, I have visited it once again. I arrived, as usual, at evening on the brow of the hill, and looked down, but no lights met my longing eye. I drove up to the house, but all was yet dark and silent. I knew that my wife, who used to meet me with her gentle smile, and my children with their merry laugh, at that cottagé door, were quietly reposing in sleep, in their new home in the west, more than a thousand miles away, yet I seemed to expect to meet them there, as formerly. I knocked at the door, but received no answer. I walked around the house. All was silent, gloomy, desolate. I never wish to go there again.

There are seasons, however—seasons of sorrow and sadness, when the heart instinctively turns to the scene of its former associations, however far removed by time or distance, and however desolate and forsaken the place may be. There are moments when the sensations of the past are revived with such distinctness and freshness, as to appear real. Familiar sounds, long since forgotten, are echoed back, and familiar sights, long since faded from the eye, reappear to the imagination. It is said by a late traveler in the east, that after journeying many a day in the Arabian desert, as he was riding along beneath the burning sky, under the scorching sun, and over the hot sands, weary, hungry, thirsty, and sick, thinking of his home and his mother far away, he suddenly heard the merry peal of the church bells of his native village. He stopped and listened. Those merry peals still rang on as they used to do in his childhood, of a Sabbath morning, ending in the sweet and solemn toll, that calls the wanderer to the house of God.

After all, it may be well that the heart, though it searches incessantly for it, should find nothing on earth on which it may surely, and with unfailing confidence, rest. God designs not earth for our permanent resting-place. He has stamped mutability on all tangible things, that we might raise our souls to things above. While change comes over all our relations, and "decay's effacing finger" is on all around us, God yet kindly permits us to look, even with mortal eye, on some objects which seem to change not. The sun, the glorious sun shines on the eye of age as on that of youth. The moon, the fair silvery moon, looks forth in the heavens, fair as she did to the eye of man in paradise. The stars, the brilliant constellations in the heavens, unchanged and unchanging, maintain, from age to age, the same place in the sky. The heavens exhibit the same appearance to us, as they did to Newton, and to Galileo, and to old Abraham, when, on the Chaldean plain, God told him to number them, if he could. There are, also, immaterial ideas, or conceptions of the soul, which are immutable—ideas of the

good, the beautiful, and the true, which know no change nor decay.

By these, God teaches us that there is, beyond the stars, a world which knows no change—that there are things which are eternal. Happy, then, is he who sets his affections on things above—on things heavenly and divine—on goodness, and on truth, and on God.

A BOOK FOR THE CENTRE-TABLE.

A LITTLE time since, upon entering the parlor of an intelligent and literary lady, I laid my hand upon what I supposed an elegant copy of the holy Scriptures, but upon opening, I was surprised to find I had mistaken for the word of God, what proved a *novel*, by Cooper, "The Spy." A few days subsequently, I made a similar mistake at the centre-table of a pious gentleman of rank. What I supposed a beautiful Polyglot Bible, was, in reality, a splendidly illuminated "Shakspeare." In either instance, I would rather have met, if elegance were the object, with a richly bound, and highly illustrated Bible.

In this age of books and authors, the press teems with works of imagination, taste, and utility. Quite too great a portion is unfit to be read at all; many demand but a hasty perusal; but a precious few are well worth our closest and most serious study. At the head of such a list must stand the *Bible*. Of its excellence, it would seem, one need hardly to speak in our land of Bibles, and age of moral and intellectual light. There is, perhaps, no other volume in existence which is capable of presenting to view every variety of style, and treating upon every known subject. There is, probably, no character or situation to which some portion of this volume may not particularly apply. There is no other which bears the impress of divine origin—no other which conveys to his subjects a copy of the laws by which the universal Sovereign governs his creatures—none beside which treats so fully of the primal origin, whole duty, and final destiny of man. The first circumstance which recommends this book to our most candid attention, is that of its coming from an infinitely high source. It has for its author an all-powerful and everywhere present Being, whose existence is from eternity to eternity. To various classes of readers it has much to recommend it. To the lovers of *story* it presents some of the most thrilling tales ever published, among which is the affecting narration of the prodigal son. For her who dwells on the *marvelous* with peculiar interest, there are startling accounts of the sick healed, the dead raised, and evil spirits cast out. As an instance of this kind of reading, let her note the well-pictured terror of the conjuring woman, who "saw gods ascending out of the earth." Is the reader delighted with the soft lays, the easy numbers of the poet?

Let her listen to the majestic muse of Moses, David, Asaph, Job, Isaiah, or Jeremiah. Where will she find a more sublime specimen of *epic* poetry than the triumphal song of Moses and Miriam? or a more beautiful *duet* than that of Deborah and Barak? Where will she look for more elegant *lyrics* than those of the "sweet singer of Israel," or a more sentimental *allegory* than the songs of Solomon? Where will she find a more highly metaphoric composition than those of heaven-inspired Isaiah? or more pathetic tenderness than weeping Jeremiah sings in his *Lamentations* over his country's captivity? And what a theme for the poet's pen! Search where you will, you will find the noblest subjects of song contained in holy writ. Cowper, in his "Task," considers such topics as "The Sofa." Homer, in his *chef d'œuvre*, sings of the quarrels of two petty chiefs. But inspired writers have used their pens on the most exalted subjects.

One of the most admired among the British poets employs his muse upon the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Love's Labors Lost," &c.: the eastern poets of inspiration, on the contrary, sang of God and his people, his goodness and their frailty. The Grecian poets, who were the most sublime among heathen nations, employed their rare talents upon ridiculous sports, vain warfare, and a false religion, which taught men to sacrifice to gods more beastly than themselves; but the Hebrew poets proclaim the works and attributes of a God who is all purity, beauty, and sublimity.

An eminently able commentator on the Bible says: "The whole collection of Psalms forms a sort of heroic *tragedy*." Contrast this, then, with "Othello," or "Macbeth," and how do the much admired tragedies of Shakspeare sink into insignificance! The latter sings of jealousies, murders, and ghosts; the former gives us the wise prophet, the anointed priest, the powerful king, or the three in *one* glorious and immaculate *Jesus*.

Does the reader look for moving *eloquence*? Let her peruse *Judah's speech* to Joseph, and if her heart be untouched, then indeed is nothing, to her, truly eloquent. Does she study the annals of painting, sculpture, or architecture? There is the accurate description of the tabernacle, or the temple, constructed for glory, and for beauty. Is the intellect interested, and the heart improved by *biography*? That of Abraham is unparalleled; that of Joseph, replete with thrilling adventure; that of Christ, matchless in interest. Is she aided in her researches by the regularity of *chronology*? Let her admire the beautiful order of "The Acts."

Does she pore over the living pages of *history* with riveted attention? Where is the history of such amazing interest as that penned by *Moses*? He wrote the earliest and most authentic narration of events ever published. With the other sacred historians, he gives us an account of that first great

event, the creation of the world, and a history of Adam's race down through a subsequent period of about four thousand years, to that still greater act of Divine goodness, the redemption of fallen, guilty man. Where shall we look for so extensive and comprehensive a narrative as that given by the illustrious "son of Pharaoh's daughter," the prince of historians? He records the lives and daring exploits of distinguished individuals, the rise and fall of nations, and the important and absorbing events of future ages. The *style* of sacred history is various. Sometimes it is animated poetry; at others, sober prose; but always in simplicity, not incompatible with grandeur. At one time the style of this inimitable work is *epic*, at another *dramatic*. Now it is a touching *pastoral*, then a flowing *lyric*.

Has the eloquence of the *logician*, or the simplicity of the evangelist led her captive? Under the logical reasonings of *St. Paul*, the listener is enchained. Even of the Roman governors, *one* trembles as this man of God reasons, another fancies, "Much learning doth make thee mad," and a bigoted king is almost persuaded to be a Christian by his eloquence. Follow him to Athens, and hear him successfully preaching "Jesus and the resurrection" to the literary, the patriotic, the chivalrous, but idolatrous. Pagan warriors, statesmen, poets, and philosophers, were among his edified listeners. Although he was a "setter forth of strange Gods," the learned and idolatrous hearkened to the Gospel he preached from the spot where they had been accustomed to hear the harangues of heathen philosophers. He quoted their own poets, as he declared the thrilling truths of Christianity. And with such success did he speak, that among others, under the first sermon, a man of high rank and education, an *Areopagite*, was converted. What modern pulpit oratory can compare with this? Does any seek for a *perfect code of morals*? Moses and Solomon have given for our instruction a wise and practical system of *laws* and *proverbs*. Add to these the unique and spiritual *sermon on the mount* from the lips of the Divine instructor, and she has a perfect and explicit rule of life—a *recipe for holy living*. M. J. A.

THE SNOW-BIRD.

THERE is a bird, God bless its feet,
That chirps a music very sweet

Upon the snow.

Let other warblers come in spring,
Amid the flowers their notes to sing,

And plumage show;

But give me yet that little bird,
Whose cheerful voice is often heard

In winds that chill:

Blest emblem of God's child of grace,
Whose soul the storm of woe can face,

And carol still.

PLANETARY SYSTEM—MERCURY.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

BEFORE entering upon a description of the individual members of the solar system, a few statements may not be inappropriate in reference to them, viewed as a whole.

In the first place, they all move within a narrow zone or belt of the heavens, extending, with the exception of the asteroids, only to about seven degrees on either side of the ecliptic. Hence they are never seen north of the zenith in this country.

Again, the surfaces of all the planets are diversified by hills and vales. This is evident from the fact that they appear with a face like the moon, when seen through the telescope. That this appearance proves that their surfaces are uneven, may be easily illustrated by holding any perfectly smooth surface, as a polished metal ball, in the sun. If the surface be *perfectly* smooth, the ball will appear simply as a luminous point. If, however, it be rough, it will reflect light to the eye from every point, and, hence, present an entire hemisphere illuminated.

The plane in which the Earth moves around the sun is called the ecliptic; and although all the planets revolve also around the sun, none of them move in the same plane with the Earth: in other words, the planes of their orbits are all inclined to the plane of the ecliptic. The angle of inclination varies in each case; or, no two make the same angle. Thus, the angle included between the plane of the ecliptic and that of Mercury's orbit is about seven degrees. Venus' orbit makes an angle of three degrees and twenty-three minutes; Mars', one degree and fifty-one minutes; Jupiter's, one degree and eighteen minutes; Saturn's, two degrees and twenty-nine minutes, and Uranus', only forty-six minutes. The inclination of the orbits of the asteroids is considerably greater, one of them (Pallas) being no less than thirty-four degrees and thirty-four minutes! These planets, however, are not visible to the naked eye.

The *apparent* motions of all the planets are very irregular. Sometimes they appear advancing among the stars, sometimes stationary, and again retrograding. These motions are not uniform. Sometimes some appear advancing, while others are retrograding, and vice versa. The question may well here be asked, to what is this apparent irregularity owing? Have they a real orbital motion? If so, is it so irregular? or what causes this irregularity? The answer to this is two-fold. It arises from their own real change of position, and from the change of position of the observer. That the planets have a real motion of their own, is a fact now well ascertained. A different theory for a long time prevailed, previous to the time of Copernicus. This we shall have occasion to refer to more at large in the next number, when we come to speak of the Earth

as a planet. If, now, the position of the observer were stationary in reference to other bodies, their motions would appear regular, continually advancing until they had completed the entire circuit of the heavens and returned to the same point to renew their course. (This applies only to the superior planets, or those more distant from the Earth than the sun. Those between the Earth and sun would appear advancing and then retrograding regularly.) If, however, the bodies themselves were stationary, and the position of the observer only should change, this of itself would effect a change in the apparent position of the planets as seen among the stars. This change would be regulated entirely by the law of change in the position of the observer, and the relative situation of the two bodies in respect to each other. A simple fact will illustrate this: if a person riding along a road, should select any object close by, to which he could make reference, all objects around it would appear in motion, those beyond moving in a direction opposite to his own, and with different velocities, owing to their relative positions in respect to the observer and the object of reference. Now if we suppose the planets to remain stationary, and the Earth to move around the sun, the stars beyond each planet would all appear moving in a direction contrary to the one the Earth was taking; or, which amounts to the same thing, the planet would appear moving among the stars, in an opposite to the Earth's annual motion around the sun. Let us suppose both of these causes in operation at the same time; that is, that the bodies themselves are in motion, and the position of the observer continually changing, the result would be, that while each, acting separately, would produce regularity in the apparent motions, the two acting conjointly, or at the same time, must necessarily produce very great irregularity. Thus does theory correspond with observation. And we can here see the reason of one fact which is often difficult of comprehension, viz., that the planets may really be moving in a direction *contrary* to that in which they *appear*, to an observer on the Earth, to be moving.

The *real* motions of the planets are in orbits around the sun. Copernicus supposed these orbits to be circular, and that the sun was situated at the centre. Newton ascertained that some were ellipses or ovals. But it was reserved for Kepler to demonstrate to the world the great laws of planetary motion, and which have since borne his name. The first of these is, that the planets might move in any one of the conic sections; that is, their orbits might be either circles, or ellipses, or parabolas, or hyperbolas. Subsequent discoveries have shown that nearly or quite all the planets move in elliptical orbits, having the sun in one of the foci. The shorter the distance between the centre of the ellipse and either focus, the nearer does such an ellipse approach to a circle. This distance is called the

eccentricity. The eccentricity of the planetary orbits varies, being in some only about six ten-thousandths of the longer semi-axis of the orbit; while in others it amounts to one-fourth of the semi-axis. The second great law of Kepler is, that the squares of the periodic times of any two planets is proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. For example: we know, from observation, that the periodic time of the Earth is a little more than 365 days; its mean distance from the sun is about 95,000,000 miles. By observations we ascertain that the periodic time of Jupiter, or the period occupied in passing from any point of its orbit to its return to the same point, is little more than 4,332 days, or nearly twelve years. Now, by the law of Kepler just named, we can readily ascertain, to a very near approximation, the true distance of Jupiter from the sun. Thus: as the square of the Earth's periodic time (365 days) is to the square of the periodic time of Jupiter, (4,332 days,) so is the cube of the Earth's mean distance (95,000,000 miles) to the cube of the mean distance of Jupiter. This mean distance is found to be a little more than 494,000,000 miles.* This result has been verified by other methods, particularly by that of parallax, which we shall notice presently. By knowing, therefore, the distance of *any* one of the planets from the sun, and its periodic time, we can readily ascertain the distance of any other, if its periodic time be only known; and this is easily obtained by observation. The third law of Kepler is, that the radius vector, or the line joining the centre of the planet and the centre of the sun, passes over equal areas in equal times. The chief use of this law, we shall have occasion to notice and explain more fully hereafter.

There is one singular fact in reference to the periodic times of all the planets, which deserves particular notice. *Between no two does an exact ratio exist!* The periodic times of Jupiter and Saturn are nearly in the proportion of two to five. Jupiter's being 4,332.5848 days, and Saturn's, 10,759.2198. The ratio of no other two are as nearly expressed in whole numbers. La Place has demonstrated, that were it otherwise, no stability could exist in the system! Who, but an omniscient being could have known this beforehand, or have so exactly adjusted the different parts of this complex whole, as to insure its continued stability? Verily the heavens declare the wisdom of God, and the firmament shows his handiwork.

We have already stated that if the distance of one of the planets from the sun be accurately ascertained, the distances of others may be calculated by the second law of Kepler. But the query may arise, how is

* $365^2 = 133,225$. $4332^2 = 18,766,224$. $95,000,000^3 = 857,375,000,000,000,000,000$. Then $133,225 : 18,766,224 :: 857,375,000,000,000,000,000 : 120,771,111,111,111,111,111$; the cube root of which is 494,296,590. It should here be noticed that the nearest *whole numbers* in every case have been used.

the distance of this first one to be ascertained? This introduces to our notice the subject of *parallax*. If any object be seen from two different points not in the same straight line, the angle formed by joining the points of sight with the object, or the angle formed by the two visual rays, is called the angle of parallax, or, more simply, the parallax. This angle will depend upon the distance of the points of sight from each other, and from the object itself; for any given distance, the farther apart the points of sight are, the greater the parallax; and for any given distance between these points, the more remote the object the less the parallax. In viewing the heavenly bodies, the distance between the points of sight is generally the diameter of the Earth, and then only half of the observed angle is taken, to which the same name is applied. If the body be in the horizon, the angle of parallax is called the *horizontal parallax*. These things being premised, a slight knowledge of trigonometry only, is necessary to make the whole subject clear and intelligible. If we suppose the spectator, the centre of the Earth, and the centre of the body then in the horizon, all to be joined by right lines, we shall have formed a right-angled triangle, the base of which will be the distance between the spectator and the centre of the distant body; the altitude, the radius of the earth; the hypotenuse, the distance sought between the centres of the two bodies; and the angle at the base, the horizontal parallax. If this angle were only known, the hypotenuse could easily be found. Now, to find this angle, let us suppose two spectators on opposite sides of the Earth, viewing the same object, which, for illustration, we will suppose to be the planet Jupiter. Owing to its nearness to the Earth compared with the stars, the spectator at one point will see it in a different position with reference to those stars near it, from that in which it appears to the spectator on the opposite side of the Earth. If these positions be accurately noticed, the portion of the arc of a great circle comprehended between them, can be readily ascertained. This arc measures the double parallax, from which we can easily obtain the parallax itself. From the principles of trigonometry we have the proportion: as radius is to the sine of the horizontal parallax, so is the distance of the two bodies to the radius of the Earth. Thus the distance becomes known. And having been thus ascertained for one body, it may be found for others by the method of calculation before stated.

One thing still remains to be elucidated. We can readily ascertain the diameter of the Earth, the Earth itself having been repeatedly circumnavigated. But how are we to discover the magnitudes of the planets, after we have become acquainted with their respective distances from the sun? This gives rise to a new series of observations and calculations. Let us take the moon for an illustration. If we direct the telescope successively to the upper and

lower edge of the disc, we shall find the visual rays, drawn to the extremities of the vertical diameter, will form an angle of little more than half a degree. But the true length of this diameter will vary with the length of that portion of the visual ray joining the eye and the extremity of the diameter. Thus, if the visual ray were 1,000 miles in length, the diameter would be little more than nine miles; if 100,000, it would be 930 miles; if 240,000, (the moon's mean distance from the Earth,) it would be 2,232, which is very nearly the moon's true diameter. But if the object were 95,000,000 of miles, the true diameter would be no less than 883,500. Hence, the magnitude of distant bodies cannot be ascertained without knowing their distance from the observer. This being known, no difficulty occurs in finding their true dimensions.

Having detained the reader thus long with preliminaries, we proceed to take up the planets in order, beginning with

MERCURY.

This planet is the innermost one known. That there may be others beyond it and nearer to the sun, is by no means improbable, although we have no means of ascertaining their existence, should they have any. But from the fact that Mercury is invisible from the planet Saturn, it is by no means certain that our inability to discover them should be taken as evidence that they do not exist. It is a thought rather humiliating to the pride of human intellect, that the extremes of even our own system are beyond our grasp, even assisted by the most perfect aids to vision yet invented.

By the methods just explained, Mercury's distance from the sun is found to be about 37,000,000 miles, and its diameter about 3,200; so that its surface contains about 32,000,000 square miles, being about one-sixth of the extent of the Earth's surface.

This planet is seldom seen by the naked eye. Copernicus never saw it. Other astronomers have seen it three or four times only during a number of years of observation. So that for all our knowledge of it, beyond the simple fact of its existence, we are indebted to the telescope. And in fact we know less of Mercury, even with the aid of the telescope, although when nearest it, to the Earth it is only little more than 50,000,000 of miles distant, than we do of Jupiter, which is more than eight times more remote. The principal reason of this is found in the following fact: Mercury's orbit being interior to that of the Earth, it appears, when seen from the Earth, to oscillate back and forth, sometimes transiting the sun, and sometimes being eclipsed by it. The most distant point from the sun to which it appears to move, is about twenty-nine degrees on either side. Within this space it appears to oscillate six or seven times in the year. The consequence is, that the greater portion of the time it is sufficiently near to the sun to make it difficult of observation, on

account of the extreme relative brilliancy of the solar rays, and the fact that, being near the sun, the haziness of the horizon prevents, oftentimes, obtaining any thing but a distorted view. Several important facts have, notwithstanding, been discovered, the principal of which we shall now state.

Mercury is the densest of all the planets, being nine times denser than water, or about as dense as lead! The means of ascertaining this fact were stated in a former article. It revolves around the sun in an elliptical orbit, whose eccentricity is no less than 7,000,000 miles, or about one twenty-fifth of the whole transverse axis. Its period of revolution is eighty-seven days and twenty-three hours. Its motion in its orbit is the swiftest of all the planetary bodies, being no less than 109,800 miles per hour, or little more than thirty every second. In addition to its orbital motion, it revolves on its own axis every twenty-four hours, five minutes, twenty-eight seconds. The length of its day, therefore, does not differ much from our own.

Mercury's density being so much greater than the Earth's, the weight of bodies on its surface would be proportionably greater if it were as large. But the Earth contains material enough to make fifteen globes as large as Mercury. The two influences operating together nearly counterbalance each other; so that a pound of matter on the Earth's surface, if transported to this planet, would weigh one pound eight and a half drams.

Being so much nearer the sun than we, its light is much greater. The quantity of light enjoyed by the *Mercurians* is about six and two-thirds times greater than falls to the lot of Earth's inhabitants. The quantity of light on Uranus is 360 times less than on the Earth; so that the sun's brilliancy, as seen from Mercury, is 2,400 times greater than at the other extreme of our system. This excessive brilliancy, as before stated, militates very much against observation of this planet. Of the solar transits of Mercury, we shall have occasion to speak when we come to describe those of Venus.

Schroeter, an eminent German observer, states that he has distinctly seen mountains on the surface of this planet, the altitude of two of which he succeeded in measuring. One he found to be nearly one and a quarter miles high, (1 mile and 372 yards;) the other nearly eleven miles, (10 miles and 1,378 yards.) The method of ascertaining the height of mountains is two-fold—by means of their shadows, and by the distance of the bright spots from the dark part of the disc.

The length of this article, already, forbids an entrance upon a more full explanation of this subject at present. At a future period it will receive a more complete elucidation. From what has been already said, we can see something of that endless diversity and variety which marks the works of Deity. What a blissful theme for study during the ever-revolving ages of eternity!

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.*

BY JOSEPH M. GREENWOOD, A. M.

O'ER the vast waters of the boundless past,
 Where age on age hath ta'en its rapid flight,
 What glittering ray is o'er its surface cast?
 'Tis the warm beam of memory's beacon light.
 It streams from some loved, solitary spot,
 Where hope was bright, and friendship ever green—
 Where every zephyr sighed, "Forget me not,"
 And naught but joy was heard, or smiles were seen.
 Time's ever-changing scenes may hide from view
 The images once bright on memory's page;
 But golden thoughts, as drops of morning dew,
 Yet gild this spot, the best of boyhood's age.
 We tread again these loved, familiar halls,
 And turn from the strange throng the filling eye:
 The sound of giddy mirth unwelcome falls
 Upon the ear, and drowns the deep-drawn sigh.
 O, tell me not 'tis weakness now to weep;
 For fancy's wings my musing soul hath led
 To by-gone scenes: there let it calmly sleep:
 Too soon 'twill wake to find that they have fled.

I had a dream. The visions of the past
 Were bright around me. Each familiar tone
 A listless rapture o'er my senses cast,
 And forms once loved on earth now heav'nly
 shone;
 But one bright, angel form came flitting by,
 Enrobed in fancy's glittering attire,
 And on her brow the impress, "Memory,"
 Shone as if kindled by celestial fire.
 She came the leader of a chosen band,
 Whose hearts were bound to ours by friendship's
 ties.
 Ah, Death! how soon he chills the clasped hand!
 'Tis when love's flame glows brightest that it dies.
 Though they were earth's no more, around each head
 The circling wreaths of friendship yet were green;
 And Death's dark, cheerless tracery had fled
 From forms now glowing bright with heav'nly
 sheen.

Methought the stirring music of their lyres
 Recalled the blissful memories of the past,
 And roused into a flame the kindling fire
 So long suppressed beneath death's chilling blast.
 My soul, enraptured, drank the flowing strain:
 The trembling heart-strings chimed in unison:
 Fain would my soul for ever there remain,
 To hear the songsters as they thus begun:

Welcome to our sacred shore,
 Thou wanderer from earth,
 Join our little band, and o'er
 Earth's dreary desert roam no more,
 Far from thy native hearth.

* Delivered at the annual meeting of the alumni of America Seminary.

What charms around thy spirit twine,
 Enticing thee to stay!
 The flowers of youth will quickly pine,
 And hope's bright planet cease to shine,
 Cheering the dreary way.

Come while hope is brightly beaming
 In thy young and tearless eye;
 While thy heart is vainly dreaming
 That those hopes will never die.

Come while thy life's a sinless stream,
 Unruffled by earth's madd'ning care,
 And o'er its surface hope's gay beam
 Falls heav'nly bright, serenely fair.

The music ceased; but oft their murmuring song
 Plays 'mong the trembling chords of fancy's lyre.
 O, memory! to whom these strains belong,
 E'er warm this altar with thy kindling fire.
 Let sorrow's gathering clouds o'erspread the soul,
 And make it shudder 'neath the threat'ning blast;
 But hide not from my vision memory's scroll:
 O, may that picture brighten to the last.

The strong, resistless currents of the heart,
 The ever shifting course of passion's wind,
 That spurn the feeble guide of reason's chart,
 And leave naught but a roving wreck behind:
 Here may the wandering soul a refuge find,
 Securely staid by memory's magic chain,
 Around whose varied links are close entwined
 Joys that have fled to come no more again.

The past! How sad it falls upon the ear!
 The winding sheet of millions in the tomb,
 Ambition's requiem, proud glory's bier,
 It spreads over all its deep oblivious gloom.
 The troubled surface of time's rapid stream
 Hath closed o'er myriads in the passing year,
 And life, to them a troubled, transient dream,
 Hath ended, and our tribute is a tear.

How sadly on the ear of musing thought
 Falls the remembrance of departed years!
 The pride of conquest, glory, fame, are naught
 But a slight record, dimmed with sorrow's tears.
 Where now those valiant kings, who, ages gone,
 Swayed with a mighty arm the conqueror's sword?
 Where now the myriad hosts, who, brave at morn,
 At eve were weltering in commingled blood?
 Where now Jerusalem, whose mighty wall
 Frowned in defiance o'er the wreck of time?
 Well might her altars totter to their fall,
 When stained with human blood, and steeped in
 crime.

A few lone, moss-grown columns now remain
 Of all that Greece could boast of wealth or art.
 Go view her ruined splendor, nor restrain
 The bitter tear that will unbidden start.
 The conqueror's wreath lies moldering in his clay:
 Inspired lips are silent in the tomb:
 Thus do earth's gaudy trappings fade away;
 And this, vain-glorious victory, is thy doom.

Stand by the marble slab that marks the grave
 Of freedom's foe, ambition's servile son,
 Where Helena's lone willows sadly wave
 O'er the cold relics of Napoleon.
 Swift as the passage of a falling star,
 He rose, he fought, he conquered, and he fell.
 While yet his meteor splendor shone afar,
 He, a lone exile, bade the world farewell.
 A bleeding nation groaned his funeral knell,
 And burning cities were his funeral pyres;
 Death only could his restless spirit quell,
 And quench ambition's burning, withering fires.
 But mid the dark war-tempests of the past,
 High in the arch of fame, shines one bright sun:
 No clouds their shadows o'er its splendor cast:
 Peerless it beams—the orb of Washington.
 Grant me no greater pride, no higher aim,
 Than worship at thy altar, Liberty!
 To feel the heart-strings vibrate at thy name,
 And sing the anthem, Washington and thee.
 I ask no jeweled crown to deck my brow,
 No ermined robe, or empty pageantry;
 But crowned with freedom's chaplet, let me bow
 Before her shrine a humble votary.

I strayed among the chambers of the dead,
 And saw the wreck of human pride—a name;
 Where proud Ambition laid his restless head
 Beside the beggar's weary, tottering frame.
 But, hush! tread lightly! hear that heavy sigh,
 And see the weeping maiden kneeling there.
 Earth's greatest charm, love's strongest, holiest tie
 Is broken, and she bows her head in prayer.
 No more the rose of joy illumines her cheeks,
 Love's diamond brilliants sparkle in her eye—
 No more the halls of gladness now she seeks
 To quench the anguish of her burning sigh.
 O, who can tell the sorrows of that soul,
 Whose very life was nurtured by its love,
 When death's cold shadows 'round the loved one roll,
 And he lies buried while she weeps above!
 She waters with her tears the op'ning rose,
 But lately planted on his new-made tomb,
 Tinged with her lover's blood, that brightly glows
 Upon the petals crimsoned with its gloom.

And are all here? Let memory recall
 The scenes of other years—our schoolboy hours,
 When hope's false, flattering mirror showed to all
 A certain future, strewn with joy's gay flowers.
 Whose eye more dazzled with its inward fire?
 Where kindled rosy health on warmer cheek?
 Where swept the strains of love a sweeter lyre,
 Than in that form we now too vainly seek?
 What if, at parting, flowed the tears of sorrow—
 What though our bosoms heaved the bitter sigh!
 We hoped, though parting now, to meet to-morrow,
 And could not dream that they so soon would die.
 Is there a heart around whose inmost chords
 Their mem'ries float not like a mournful strain?

How deep with feeling were those parting words,
 That bade a "farewell till we meet again!"
 O what a cloud of sadness darkens o'er
 The soul's bright surface at the word farewell—
 To feel that we can hear that voice no more,
 Whose sweetness thrilled us with its magic spell—
 To know the last, low, trembling word is spoken,
 That like a death-knell chills the aching heart!
 Then the fond dream of happiness is broken,
 And unavailing tears unbidden start.
 To some loved ones the last farewell is given,
 Whose hopes were brighter, hearts than ours more
 gay:
 The charm that bound us Death's dread scythe hath
 riven,
 And they are mingling with the senseless clay.
 Who has not laid in memory's inmost shrine
 The name of some beloved, departed friend,
 Round which the heart's strong chords will closely
 twine,
 While life and memory their beams extend?

But cease, my muse, thy theme, nor longer sigh
 O'er the cold grave of long-departed years.
 The Present beams its light on every eye,
 Bright'ning at once her joys, and sorrow's tears.
 Amid time's passing clouds it bright appears,
 And decks the future with its rainbow light—
 The arch of hope, that high its splendor rears
 Above the portals of that depthless night.
 Unending hope! when sorrow's tempests rise,
 And spread relentless o'er the trembling soul,
 Thy bow of promise kindles in the skies,
 And gayly tints the future's mystic scroll.
 Thy ray can pierce the midnight dungeon's gloom,
 And brighten to a smile its dark despair,
 Dispel the deathly shadows of the tomb,
 And beam in quenchless radiance e'en there.
 When the soul's dewy sadness fills the eye,
 And earthly joys shrink tremblingly away,
 O how it longs on angel's wings to fly,
 Directed by hope's ever kindling ray.
 Hope on, my ever-trusting spirit, still,
 Drink in the music of that heavenly strain,
 Whose joyful notes the trembling heart-strings thrill,
 "We'll meet in heaven, to part no more again."

THE JUDGMENT.

BY REV. T. HARRISON.

The judgment day will come—
 The last loud trumpet sound—
 The dead shall rise—the Judge descend,
 With power and glory crowned.

Man's sentence shall be passed—
 Nature's great fabric fall—
 Christ's mediatorial reign shall close,
 And God be all in all!

CONSECRATION OF CHILDREN.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

BRING them to Christ—what offering is more meet
Than the sweet meed of childhood innocence?
Shall the pure heart be touched by early sin
Before ye give it back to God, who lent
It you spotless and pure? or will ye wait
Till guilt has garnered up its stores of wrath
Against a rebel soul? or else till care
Has fettered fast your thoughts to earthly good,
So that ye have no sacrifice for God?
Or would ye bring out from the rust of wealth
The cankered gold, or from the hard-wrought
mines,
Where slaves weep tears of blood o'er polished
stones,
Your hoarded stores, peerless to worldly eyes;
But to the gem that gilds an angel's crown,
A timid light, shamed by resplendent day?
Or would ye bring treasures of knowledge deep?
Or classic lore that wins an earthly name,
For which ambition sells eternal life?
Gold for the crown that fades when the fleet pulse
Lies still in death! Fame for the wreath that smiles
In summer suns, then dies like beauty's flush
Consumed on hectic cheeks! These for the world!
But not for God! Could gold increase his wealth,
Whose jewels are the stars—whose crown the sun—
Whose truth-taught mirrors are the glassy lakes—
Whose gorgeous halls, strewn with a thousand
flowers,
Are valleys fair, or wooded hills upreared
To heaven—teachers and witnesses for God!
Could the mild dew that weeps on summer flowers
Add to the rain that floods the thirsty earth—
Could a tear swell the ocean's broad expanse—
Could time fill up eternity's abyss,
Then might ye bring for God the wealth of schools:
For him whose eye notes every fleeting thought,
And catches from the tables of the soul
The trace it leaves, as limners sieze the shade
On canvas left.
Mountains of gold, or glory's proudest name,
Weighed with a sinless heart, outbalanced sink!
Dear, meek-eyed mother, with your gentle babe—
Father, whose pulse is bounding high with love,
Come to the shrine of God—your offering bring!
The passions hushed, the will subdued, like waves
In sunlight calm, lulled by the wind's low song—
The rush of thought across the wondering brain,
Soothed by the beating of the light-winged pulse,
Asleep, in dreams of innocence and heaven!
Who for the sinless Dove such offering brings?
Who from his household flock will bring a lamb
For God? Droops the soft lash on dimpled cheek,
Like withering petals round their stems, so thirsts
The fainting soul for heaven's baptismal dew!

PARTING.

To part with those we fondly love;
To utter faint the word *farewell*;
To feel the heart's quick throbbings beat;
To view the heaving bosom swell;
To press the lips with tearful eye,
And place affection's signet there;
To feel the hand with trembling seized,
While clasped to breathe a silent prayer,
Is sad indeed.

But Hope speeds Time's more sluggish step,
And brings the distant future near:
She spans the intervening space,
That its bright scenes the heart may cheer:
She shows affection's warm embrace,
Where heart to heart thrills joyously,
And love unchanged—save by increase—
Revealed by either sparkling eye,
Which greets return.

And then the long up-treasured tale,
Which mutual joys and griefs revealed,
And thoughts too deep for utterance,
Which till that hour had been concealed,
And all the heart's pure wealth of love,
Which each for other had preserved,
Now mingle in one common stream
Of social bliss, pure, undisturbed
By fear of change.

Thus Hope relieves the present pain,
And soothes the anguished, riven heart;
Thus breathes her genial influence o'er
The scene, when friends are called to part.
Blest herald of a happier day!
I greet thee with a heartfelt glow:
May thy predictions be fulfilled—
Thy visions realized below—
I'll ask no more.

G. W.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

O ENVY not the child of mirth,
That revels, as the summer bee,
Upon the fading flowers of earth:
Let heaven-born Hope thy solace be.
Sometimes to taste affliction's cup,
Perchance may be thy bitter lot;
'Tis then this Hope will bear thee up,
And give thee joys that earth hath not.
E'en in life's rudest, wildest form,
This is the Hope can whisper "peace"—
Can succor thee amid the storm,
And bid the raging tempest cease—
This is the Hope that can illumine
The dark, lone chamber of the grave—
Chase from the future all its gloom,
And buoy thee up on Jordan's wave.

W. N. H.

NOTICES.

DOWLING'S HISTORY OF ROMANISM.—This is a spirited, well written work, compiled from creditable though not, as we suppose, original sources, and ornamented with very fine steel engravings. Printed on fair type, and on excellent paper, it forms a neat and attractive octavo of some eight or nine hundred pages. It contains some expressions which we should have been reluctant to use, and something of that spirit of censoriousness which characterizes many of the works on this subject. The records of the Roman Church present many black pages; but we should not forget that they are fringed with light. The history of popes is a history of revolting errors; but we must distinguish between the faults of the time and the faults of the men. Calvin burnt Servetus; the Puritans once persecuted Quakers and killed witches. The cardinal principles both of the doctrine and government of the Roman Church we believe to be wrong; yet we cheerfully concede that the former contains much truth and the latter much excellence. Although we are not without serious apprehensions in relation to the increase of Romanism in the United States, we do not entertain as much fear as many. We believe that the spirit of the age will either subvert the institutions of Romanism, or very essentially and beneficially modify them. Who are fiercer or more jealous democrats than the Irish and German Catholics among us? Can they who are accustomed to the exercise of civil rights be long held in ecclesiastical bondage? Can they who enjoy a free interchange of opinion on political topics, and listen to harangues on republican principles, be long blinded and silenced by a priesthood, however ingenious and united? Do we not, in Catholic churches in this country, hear the rumbling that precedes the earthquake, and witness here and there an eruption that indicates pent up and agitated fires. Protestantism is in more danger from Catholic schools than from any other quarter. These, perhaps, indicate design on the part of the Catholic Church more clearly than any other stroke of her policy. She does not found such institutions in Catholic countries, as Spain, Italy, or Ireland. Nor does she establish them here for her own ignorant youth. If we have been correctly informed, even her orphan asylums are filled with the children of Protestants, while many of her own poor are unprovided for. Her plan of alluring youth to these institutions is indicative of guile; and her policy in proselyting those within them, however insidious, is generally effectual.

We have sometimes thought that in this country too much importance was unwittingly given to the Catholic Church, by declaiming against her political designs, and magnifying her political power: the sure way to make her combine her influence, and to cause politicians to bid high for her suffrages.

Protestants, who have confidence in their principles, are not afraid to meet Catholics upon a fair field, only give us an open Bible, and an unfettered tongue. How does the Catholic priest tremble when he sees the word of life among his people! If Luther cut his way through hosts of enemies in a dark age, and with only the sword of the Spirit, what have we to fear?

It appears to us that any thing calculated to repel the Catholics is fitted to strengthen them; whereas, that treatment which will win their confidence and give us access to them, will surely secure us the victory. And our facilities for this purpose are great. Most of our

Papists are laborers, dependent on Protestants, and many of them are living in the bosom of Protestant families. Let them, then, be treated in the spirit of kindness and charity, and they will soon be capable of reasoning and of being reasoned with on all matters pertaining to their faith.

There is no resisting the light that is pouring in floods upon the world. The institutions, both civil and ecclesiastical, which originated in dark ages, must be modified or overthrown. Names may be retained, and buildings and garments may appear the same; but in principles and spirit old things must pass away—all things must become new, save truth, which is eternal, and, like God, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Apparently, indeed, the Catholic Church is putting forth unwonted energies, and making amazing advances; but does the appearance correspond with the reality? While she is gaining *extrinsic* influence is she not losing *intrinsic* power? The more she increases her *centrifugal* force, the less becomes her *centripetal*. How feeble is her hold upon France and England! By how attenuated an attraction does she draw the turbulent masses of the United States! Her recent conquests among us are like the victory of Pyrrhus over the ancient Romans: they will lead her to sue for peace. They have opened a communication to the heart of Austria, through which Protestant, democratic America will pour hot streams of argument that neither her Church nor state can endure. Already has a second Luther arisen in Germany, who is likely to be a consuming fire to Roman despotism. In vain may European governments suppress American periodicals. If this channel be closed, the stream of republican feeling and argument will break over Catholic Europe through private intercourse; for it is not in Germany alone that it is felt: Italy herself sits upon a political volcano.

We have wandered, and must return. Dowling's work will be found interesting and useful, and, we doubt not, will be extensively read. Perhaps it is better adapted to the popular reader than the work of Dr. Elliott, but will not, we judge, compare with it for accuracy and depth of research. Dr. Elliott had access to original sources, and his work is a monument of scientific labor.

FIRST BOOK OF DRAWING: *being Exercises for Children on the Slate and Black-board.* By W. and R. Chambers.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCES. By W. and R. Chambers.

RUDIMENTS OF ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY. By Dr. G. Hamilton.

These are numbers two, three, and four of Dr. Reese's improved edition of Chambers' Educational Course. Published by Sorin & Ball. We are very much pleased with these school books. They are designed to introduce the young mind to an acquaintance with nature, and admirably are they adapted to this end. We hope they will be taken into our school-rooms generally. They will awaken curiosity, excite habits of observation and inquiry, and store the mind with much valuable knowledge.

A YEAR WITH THE FRANKLINS; *or, To Suffer and be Strong.* By E. Jane Cate. Harper & Brothers.

BOARDING OUT; *or, Domestic Life.* Harper & Brothers.

We suppose these tales are well written, and designed to convey a good moral.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND: *being a History of the People, as well as the Kingdom, down to the Reign of George III. To be Completed in Forty Numbers.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—“The leading design of this work is to present a history of the people as well as a history of the kingdom, pursuing the investigation of the past, and the progress of the country and its inhabitants in various interesting directions, to which the authors of the most popular of English histories have only slightly and incidentally referred.” It will form four elegant volumes, imperial octavo, and, we presume, constitute a very valuable book.

JOURNAL OF RESEARCHES INTO THE NATURAL HISTORY AND GEOLOGY OF THE COUNTRIES VISITED DURING THE VOYAGE OF H. M. S. BEAGLE ROUND THE WORLD. By Charles Darwin, A. M., F. R. S.—This is one of that interesting series of books now in process of publication under the title of Harper's New Miscellany. The voyage of the Beagle was performed for scientific purposes, and under the direction of the British government. The author of the book before us, it seems, accompanied the vessel under the sanction of the admiralty. In this work he has given a narrative of the voyage, and a popular sketch of his scientific observations, particularly in natural history and geology.

THE WESTERN LANCET AND MEDICAL LIBRARY.—This is a monthly journal, published at Lexington, edited by Professor Lawson, and devoted to medical and surgical science. The last number, being the first of the fifth volume, is before us, from which we are happy to see that the work has been increased in size, improved in appearance, and elevated in tone. So far as we may be permitted to judge, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it creditable to the medical profession in the west.

In turning over the pages of the present number, we thought we discovered a feeling of jealousy flowing through portions of the work, and particularly transparent in the review of Dr. Gross' *Elements of Pathological Anatomy*; a book which, with all its sins of omission and commission, is an honor to western medicine, as well as to its indefatigable, philosophical, and enlightened author.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—This is one of the best periodicals of the times. It consists of selections from the ablest journals and reviews of the English language, chiefly British. Some of its tales are too long, many of its scraps too short, and much of its poetry too flat; but generally its pages are at once beautiful and profound.

THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER AND SOUTHERN METHODIST has become a graceful monthly. It is still edited by Rev. E. Stevenson, and devoted to religion, science, and art. The first number in the new form is before us. It has an air of cheerfulness, an exuberance of fancy, and spirit of independence with which we are pleased. It eschews not the delicate subject of slavery, but discusses it with a manly boldness, yet in meekness of wisdom. These remarks are restricted, of course, to the original department; for the work is partly made up of selected matter. We wish brother Stevenson great success in spreading the truth, and a generous support for his labors.

The second number of the **QUARTERLY JOURNAL AND REVIEW** has been issued, and is as creditable as its

predecessor. We congratulate the editor upon his commencement, and can, with some confidence, assure his patrons that they will find the work improve under his management. An independent thinker, an indefatigable student, let him but guard well the spirit of his pages, and he will always commend himself to an enlightened and virtuous people.

On many important subjects we disagree with the *Journal and Review*; nevertheless, we like to read its views. Let us have free discussion.

We are astonished at the low price of this periodical, namely, one dollar per annum. Who now is too poor to take a quarterly?

THE BIBLICAL REPOSITORY AND CLASSICAL REVIEW has fully sustained its high character under the able editorship of Rev. Mr. Agnew, and we are sorry to see that he has left his editorial chair for a professor's seat; but we congratulate the University of Michigan on the acquisition of so valuable an addition to her faculty.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW is, we think, steadily improving. The last number came unusually well freighted. But it needs no commendation at our hands.

THE KNICKERBOCKER has visited us regularly since we came hither; and its editorial table has often alleviated our dyspepsy, by quickening our diaphragm. Notwithstanding the numerous richly embellished magazines which have sprung into existence lately, we still think that the *Knickerböcker* maintains its place as prince of the periodicals of its class.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

VALEDICTORY.—My readers are already apprised of my resignation, and the cause of it. I must now bid them farewell. Not being acquainted with the usual form and topics of an editor's valedictory, I am somewhat at a loss. The dictates of my heart lead me, at the outset, to return thanks to friends to whom I am indebted. And first to those who have kindly interested themselves in extending the circulation of this work, particularly brothers Shaffer, Goodfellow, Ward, Weekly, Phillips, and others, of the western conferences. Perhaps the reader may wonder why I feel any gratitude for such services, inasmuch as my salary has not in any degree depended upon our subscription list; but if he should ever become an editor himself, he will readily solve the problem. An increase of subscribers to a periodical encourages the editor, enlarges the sphere of his usefulness, and enables him to ask for his salary with less reluctance. I am very thankful, also, to my correspondents, who have so ably and cheerfully contributed to the columns of the *Repository*. A few have been paid a paltry sum; but most have written without compensation or hope of reward. In selecting from the numerous offerings presented me, I have no doubt often been partial and injudicious. Let him who is perfect in judgment, and free from the bias of friendship, cast the first stone at my window. That some of the authors of articles which I have rejected have taken offense I am well aware; but the kindness of others, who have taken pains to convince me that my condemnation of their productions has not diminished their friendship, has more than compensated for any pain which the unforgiving have inflicted. The highest favor I

have received, since my connection with the Repository, came from the hand of a beloved brother immediately after I had declined the publication of an article of his. To many of our exchanges I am much indebted for their friendly notices. To none perhaps so much as to the Lutheran Observer, whose approbation we believe no publication can earn, if wanting in good sense, or a catholic, Christian spirit. Much favor from exchanges the Repository had no right to expect. Too religious for the secular, and too secular for the religious, too volatile for the serious, and too serious for the volatile, the utmost we can expect from most of our contemporaries is, that they will not assail us. This they have not done, although we *know* we have been *very* vulnerable; and we heartily thank them for their mercy. From our own periodicals we had a right to expect kindness, and we have not been disappointed. The present editor came into the office at a period of division and strife; but he is happy to say that the Repository has been permitted to circulate in all sections without meeting the opposition of any.

We stated that we should impress the work with its proper denominational stamp; not that we intended to employ it as a vehicle for advocating sectarian peculiarities, but that our contributions would generally bear marks of Methodistical modes of thought, and feeling, and illustration. How could it be otherwise? Hence, we had reason to fear the petty jealousies of other denominations. That we have not encountered them we are pleased, and that any periodicals of other Churches have welcomed and commended our pages, is evidence that they stand upon a lofty summit, above the fogs that encompass most of us. May editor and reader "go and do likewise!"

That I have made no mistakes I cannot hope. Coming to the office without any editorial experience, and destitute of the cultivated taste and the habits of accuracy which are required in an editor, it were strange had I committed no blunders.

Within the limited walk assigned the Repository, it is exceedingly difficult to find attractive themes. Could we enter the arena of political or religious warfare, we should soon become an object of interest with thousands within the borders of our denomination, that now scarce know of our existence, so busy are they taking care of the universe. But the Repository is bound to avoid the scenes of agitation and contention—to discard the noisy elements of discord and strife. Could we become the special advocate of the peculiarities of the creed, or of the ecclesiastical organization of any Church, we should find favor with multitudes who feel at present no interest in our pages—zealots, too busy to read any thing which has no *direct* relation to the tone or accents of their shibboleth. Or if we could indulge in fiction, we could please hosts of love-sick swains and lasses, and intoxicated dames, who are too far beyond the sober, reasoning world to be pleased with any thing that is real or natural. But we have limited ourselves strictly to the realms of truth.

The Repository aims to be too pure for an ungodly age—too calm for an excited one—too liberal for a bigoted one. Popularity, therefore, it need never expect. But it has received a support—we are happy to add, increasing favor. It has yielded enough to make glad the hearts of many an aged pilgrim, who, having spent his days in preaching the Gospel without compensation, is without means of support in his declining years, and

many of the widows and orphans of such as have gone down to the grave, leaving no legacy to their families but the praise of all the Churches.

We would fain hope that our pages have been of some service besides procuring pecuniary aid for the needy. If we have contributed in any degree to recall the prodigal to a father's arms, to restrain the dissolute from scenes of dissipation, to save innocence from defilement, and beauty from the deformity of wicked passion—if we have beguiled the hours of sickness with profitable amusement, or those of leisure with peaceful meditations—if we have prevented the introduction into the families of our subscribers of a periodical literature poisoned with infidelity, or tinctured with immorality, or imbued with intoxicating or enervating influences—if we have contributed to the peace, and quietness, and affection of that loveliest of all earthly spots, the family hearth, or led out its youthful minds to the contemplation of nature and science, and, above all, the glorious and momentous revelations of the Bible, surely we have done something—all we hoped.

In reviewing what we have written, we see lines which, "dying, we might wish to blot." We are happy to say that we have written nothing in an unkind spirit. If we have wounded the feelings of any one, we crave pardon. Sure we are, we have penned no line for the Repository when our hearts could not sincerely have prayed for the whole family of man. We know no enemy: we *will* know none: God forbid that the sun should ever go down upon our wrath, or rise without finding us praying, "Forgive our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us!" We *may*, however, have indulged, at times, in a spirit of levity unbefitting our calling, and the character of our work. If so, we are sorry, and would fain neutralize any improper influence it may have exerted. Religion should be *cheerful*; but they who are first to accuse her of gloom, are last to forgive her if she assume an aspect of gayety.

It is a painful reflection that what is written cannot easily be blotted out; but the reader should reflect, that he as well as the writer is every moment making impressions more enduring than brass. The web of thought may be immortal as the soul that weaves it. "Sweet speech" may either waft spirits to the skies, or blast them in eternal death. Nor are we accountable merely for what we do, but also for what we leave undone. If the gentle dew distilling upon the tender grass bespeaks the Divine benevolence, and we heed it not—if the earthquake proclaims God's wrath, and we are deaf to the voice—if the heavens declare his glory, and we close our ears to the revelation—if the firmament showeth his handiwork, and we turn our eyes from the sight, shall we not, nevertheless, be accountable for all these sources of instruction? If we can save a sinner from the error of his ways, and do it not—if we might lead the saint to higher degrees of holiness, and we fail to put forth our efforts—if we might show the spicy hills of Zion, and the streaming blood of Calvary, and we fail to point them out, shall not God for all these things bring us into judgment? In view of these principles, mournful is the retrospection of an editor's life. How many the sources of valuable knowledge placed within his reach! how numerous the minds brought under his influence! Pardon me, gentle reader, if I betray emotion when I remember how much moral land God has permitted me to cultivate for the past two years, and how little its fragrance

has been "like the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." Still may I not hope that I have planted some flowers of paradise, some roses of Sharon, some trees of heaven? My prayer is, "Awake, O north wind, and come thou south: blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

And yet there are pleasant things in the life of an editor. We like to look over our subscription list. We find the names of many friends of our childhood—now far distant—rarely heard of—but often brought to mind with cherished recollections—companions with whom we studied *hic, hæc, hoc* in the morning, tossed the ball in the common at noon, and trundled the hoop through the streets at night. And then we have not forgotten those other early friends, the partners of our less noisy sports—happy days when the earth wheeled us round the sun in no time. Pleasant were our anticipations of spring; for then we could go to the sugar-camp together. What sport in crossing the little run on the old sycamore log! how we laughed when one, in displaying his skill and gallantry, made a misstep and fell into the swollen waters! And then, as we stood around the camp-kettle, how much sweeter were the words we spoke than the waters we stirred—the lips we looked at than the cups we filled for them. Buoyant were our expectations of summer, because then we could make engagements, at morn to brush the dew from the grass, at noon to sit side by side in the shade of the old tree behind the school-house, and at evening to gather hazelnuts by the road-side, or strawberries on the plain, or wild flowers behind the grave-yard, looking through the fence as we passed to gaze upon the new-made graves. Joyous were our hopes of fall, because that was the time to wander along the river bank, to gather the fruits of the wilderness, competing for the admiration of the lasses by climbing the trees and filling the baskets, or starting the deer from the water's edge, or killing the snake that lurked in our pathway, and holding up his rattles as a trophy. But most of all we wished for winter; for that was the season for spelling-matches and corn-huskings, of snow-balls and singing schools, of big meetings and big backlogs, of short lessons and long sleigh-rides. Alas! modern refinement has almost rendered the names obsolete. But we remember. Well, the dear companions of our juvenile pastimes, where are they? There lies one, who slowly withered under the breath of that angel whose commission is to destroy the loveliest of the lovely, who wreaths roses as if in mockery around his victim's brow, and strews poppies in her pathway to the tomb. There is another, the victim of a more fell destroyer: he lives—a walking corpse. There lies one, who, in her pride of beauty, and of excellence, died of a broken heart, seeking refuge from unendurable sorrows in the oblivion of the grave. But here and there is one struggling for wealth, or distinction, or surrounded by cares and anxieties, or looking round upon a happy, rising family. Well, it is pleasing, very pleasing to think, when I write for the Repository, that they will feel an interest in reading. And then how many others have I on my list, the acquaintances of riper years, whose hospitality, and sympathies, and counsel I have enjoyed, and to whom I have sustained relations holy and endearing. Some of them have smoothed my pillow in sickness, and cheered my heart in sadness. Many dear on their own account, are doubly so on account of deceased parents. I have many whose acquaintance I have formed in this office.

Pleasant lines have we read sometimes, which the public eye hath not seen. I really feel sad in bidding farewell; nor need we wonder. It is painful to part from even inanimate objects that have long been associated with our agreeable friends and happy hours. The captive Jew hung his harp upon the willows of Babylon, and sat down upon its banks to weep when he thought of Zion. How much more painful to part with friends with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company. But change is the law of our being. The scenes which know us now, will shortly know us no more for ever; for here we have no abiding place. We are strangers and pilgrims, as were all our fathers, moving steadily and rapidly to the "narrow house." Well, though we have here no continuing city, we seek one to come. My hand begins to tremble. May writer and reader meet in that land where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." Farewell, printer, reader, correspondent, friend—an affectionate farewell!

E. THOMSON.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.—Within two years past the following new arrangements have been made in this work:

1. The insertion of regular monthly embellishments.
2. Simultaneous publication at this city and New York.
3. The work has become *entirely* original. It has been original in the main from the beginning, but not exclusively so, until within a year or eighteen months past.
4. Many and important additions have been made to the list of correspondents.

I propose, with deference, the following additional improvements:

1. Let the embellishments be the portraits of distinguished and pious females, accompanied with brief and lively biographical sketches.
2. Let the work be increased by the addition of eight pages.
3. Let the matter be of a more light and agreeable character.

I shall still feel a deep interest in the Repository, and I sincerely hope and believe that its subscription list, which has, for sometime past, been steadily increasing, will continue to increase until it reaches 20,000. Let the ladies take an interest in its circulation. It is theirs: let them see that it be well sustained, as it is specially intended to please, to edify, and to improve their sex. They can render it as beautiful, as pure, and as charming as they please. Let it not be said that the ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church are deficient in literary taste or enterprise.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—The first article, we need not say, is from an able pen. Though not precisely adapted to our work, we inserted it with cheerfulness, knowing that, though the ladies may not be particularly interested in it, they have acquaintances who will be happy to read it. The next article is well worthy a prayerful perusal: it is not the croaking of the slug-gard, but the warning of mature age and ripe scholarship. We do not, however, subscribe to all the writer's views. His first objection to the classics proves too much: it would equally apply to the natural sciences. His second, as we conceive, is founded upon a partial view: it overlooks the counteracting influences which are found in the colleges of a Christian land. Is it not impossible to induce one acquainted with Christian literature to regard in other than a proper light the idols of mythology? A similar answer may be

given to the third. It supposes that classical studies are the exclusive ones. The fourth and last shows that certain books should be expurgated before they are used, or laid aside entirely. Well, there are plenty of good works left, such as Cicero's Orations. Of this, however, our readers can judge as well as ourselves. We commend the whole article to their favorable consideration. It is worthy of its author, and with the exception of the concluding paragraphs, on which we have commented, has our cordial approbation. The article of Professor Johnson of the Ohio Wesleyan University, concluded in this number, will be read with interest, as well for the beauty of the style as the thrilling nature of the narrative. M. J. A. is a new correspondent, whose continued favor we bespeak for our successor. Neither editor nor proof-reader will have any trouble with her communications. But the neatness of her manuscripts and the beauty of her penmanship constitute her least praise. Our faithful correspondents, Miss Burrough, Professor Larrabee, and Professor Waterman still write with spirit. Brother Wombaugh's article should be read. Miss Wentworth is a new correspondent, and one that subscribers will be happy to hear from again.

THE CHOCTAWS.

Chahta Yakni, April 15.

And what of the Choctaws? They know the use of the axe, the saw, the *froe*, the drawing-knife, besides many other such like tools. With the axe they fell the forest trees, chop their wood, and their timber for rails, sawing, and building. The saw is used in preparing shingle-bolts and boards, and also in sawing plank. With the *froe* they rive shingles, and sometimes boards, and with the drawing-knife they prepare them for use. Their dwellings are usually made of hewed logs, one story high, with a piazza in front. And not unfrequently two houses are placed so as to form a passage between, all under one and the same roof. The houses usually have floors, and also the piazzas and passages. All have chimneys to their houses. But only a few of them have windows, except it be a small hole cut in the wall, which may be very properly called the "peep-hole." So that, in winter, if one would enjoy the satisfaction of reading and keep himself comfortably warm, he must seat himself close in the corner, and use the light through the chimney, as they do out among their white neighbors.

In reference to their worship (if my gentle readers are satisfied, from the foregoing, that they are entitled to the appellation of human) I will now speak. They have great respect for the sun, both men and women seldom covering the crown of their heads from his effulgent rays. When he arises and looketh abroad smilingly upon the earth, with its leafy bowers, merry songsters, and gurgling rills, and opening flowers, they go forth to greet him, viewing the sparkling gems tremulous on the quaking leaves, and exhaling the fragrant odors wafted on the morning breeze. Then it is their hearts responsive exclaim, "That is the bright messenger of the Great Spirit. All nature is refreshed with his presence. His kindly influence wakes up a cheerful spirit in all animated creatures." When the "queen of night," with her starry train, keeps silent vigil, the lord of these beauteous wilds, as once of those fertile, crowded lands, lies wrapt in slumber, dreaming of bygone days and chivalrous ancestors.

The true God is known and worshiped by very many

of this people. Quite recently we had the pleasure of attending a meeting among them. It was spring. The earth was robed in her green attire. The blossoms unfolded their beauteous corollas, and perfumed the passing gale. The rumbling thunder and the lowering clouds portended approaching showers, which, ere long, fell profusely; but in the interval, the people, old and young, gathered to the sacred spot designated for the meeting. At twelve on Saturday, a native minister preached in his own rude language to an attentive congregation. No sooner was the first hymn sung than the most fearful flashes of lightning, and terrific peals of thunder, commenced, which continued until the discourse was ended. At candlelight the house, holding some two or three hundred persons, was crowded to excess with attentive hearers. On Sunday the weather was quite pleasant; and the congregation so increased, that the house was more than filled at love-feast. Many arose in this love-feast, and spoke of their religious feeling and hopes, while the gushing tears descended their tawny cheeks, significant of their deep emotion. In arranging the congregation for public preaching, the house could accommodate only the females, while the males were seated in front of the house. One old brother, who had embraced the Christian religion in the old nation, (one of the first fruits of the mission there,) and who had seated himself in the house with many other brethren, was just taking his staff and hat to leave the house for the accommodation of the women, at the request of the person appointed to seat the congregation, when the presiding elder, seeing him so ready to comply, and no doubt feeling an inward veneration for the old pilgrim, gave him an invitation to occupy a seat near the ministers, which offer he humbly accepted, but not without many a hearty *ya-ko-ke*, that is, I thank you.

After the twelve o'clock sermon the eucharist was administered to about *two hundred* communicants, most of whom were unable to pronounce a single sentence in the English language correctly. But their expressive countenances told plainly they knew the language of Canaan and the voice of the Savior.

At night the meeting was truly thrilling. A large number of broken-hearted penitents came forward at the invitation of the minister, and kneeling besought the throne of grace with strong cries and tears, while others stood and wept in sorrow on account of their sins, ready, yet fearing to start. O, that vacillating spirit! How many has it destroyed! While the mourners wept, the saints earnestly prayed in their behalf. Shouts of victory were heard in the camp, and many of God's children were enabled to praise him. F.

BALDWIN INSTITUTE.

Rev. E. Thomson—Dear Brother,—We are much obliged to you for your favorable notice of the Institute in your last number of the Repository. We fear, however, that your charitable supposition, that "its debts are but nominal," will convey to the public an erroneous idea. The institution is not in debt, and it is a settled policy with the Board of Trustees, in accordance with the wishes of the conference, not to incur any debt whatever. The prospects of the institution are more encouraging than were anticipated.

Yours truly,

H. DWIGHT.

THE FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE is running a career of great prosperity, and it will soon, we hope, be accommodated in its newly purchased buildings.

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